The Wellesley Magazine

CONTENTS.

Literary Alumnæ of Wellesley. *Mary A. Winston*, '89	59
The Poet's Song. *Mary Hollands McLean*	70
In His Majesty's Service. *Kent Rolla Dunlap*	70
Sunset. *Julia S. Buffington*	75
The Complaint of the Yeoman to Langland. *Mabel A. Carpenter*	75
The Leaf. *Julia D. Randall*	80
Bessie's Red Roses. '95	81
One Halloween	82
The Message of the Golden-rod. *Agnes Louise Caldwell*, '96	85
Woodstown: A Fantasy. By Alphonse Daudet. *Florence McM. Painter*	85
A Misunderstanding. *S. C. W.*, '95	89
Little Lydia's First Day at School. *Emily Poole Baxter*	89
Editorials	93
Free Press	96
Exchanges	102
Book Reviews	104
Books Received	105
Society Notes	105
College Bulletin	107
College Notes	107
Alumnæ Notes	110
Married	116
Born	116
Died	116

Vol. III—November, 1894—No. 2

Entered in the Post Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

TRAVELLING CREDITS...

AND

...COMMERCIAL CREDITS

Available in all countries, issued on

MESSRS. BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO., LONDON.

Exchange bought and sold on LONDON, LIVERPOOL, PARIS, and BERLIN.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

50 State St., Boston.

GEORGE E. BULLARD, LOUIS CURTIS, } Agents and Attorneys.

Like the sweet story of Love,
Old, but ever New!

Lewando's

Old in experience, but ever new in methods and facilities.

FRENCH DYEING AND....
CLEANSING ESTABLISHMENT.

Established in 1829. **Largest in America.**

17 Temple Place, 284 Boylston Street,

BOSTON.

Dresses dyed or cleansed whole. Laces, gloves, and feathers cleansed or dyed.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

J. TAILBY & SON,

FLORISTS,

Opposite Railroad Station, Wellesley.

Flowers and Plants of the choicest varieties for all occasions; Palms, etc., to let for decoration.

FLOWERS carefully packed and forwarded by Mail or Express to all parts of the United States and Canada.

☞ Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to. Connected by Telephone.

A NEW BOOK.

The Aim of Life.

Plain Talks to Young Men and Women. By Rev. Philip Stafford Moxom. 16mo. Cloth, $1.00.

Helpful and inspiring, alike fitted to elevate ideals, broaden mental and moral horizon, and fire souls with a determination to live a noble, unselfish life. — TRANSCRIPT.

At all Bookstores. Postpaid on receipt of price.

Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SHOES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

The latest in style, best in quality, at moderate prices.

Gymnasium shoes of all kinds at low prices.

Special discount to Wellesley students and teachers.

Thayer, McNeil & Hodgkins,

47 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. WELLESLEY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894. No. 2.

EDITOR IN CHIEF.
MARY GRACE CALDWELL.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
SARAH C. WEED.

MANAGING EDITORS.
ALETHEA LEDYARD.
ELIZABETH A. STARK.

LITERARY EDITORS.
CHARLOTTE GOODRICH.
CAROLINE W. JACOBUS.
MAUDE R. KELLER.
KATE W. NELSON.
L. MAY PITKIN.
MABEL A. CARPENTER.

THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Senior Class.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss M. G. Caldwell, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Sarah C. Weed, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Maude R. Keller, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Elizabeth A. Stark, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications in all cases should be sent to Miss Alethea Ledyard, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

LITERARY ALUMNÆ OF WELLESLEY.

"There was once a good little maiden with a beautiful fairy godmother.
Ah! did she wear glass slippers, and marry her sweetheart Prince?
Nay, whenever she spoke, roses and pearls dropped from her lips."

IT happens at Wellesley once in a great while that a young maiden may brush away the gold of her hair from her wistful eyes and dream beautiful dreams, and see wondrous visions, as she walks the stately college halls and drinks in the ever-changing charm of lake and wood. Upon the trembling lip of such a maiden that lovely fairy godmother, our Alma Mater, lays her finger, saying softly, "Speak, my daughter." Then, wonderful to relate, some of the beautiful dreams come true. For you know a dream, to come true, must find wings, that it may bear to the world its message of truth and beauty. So then, gentle reader, I, a humble chronicler of others' shining deeds, find this a pleasant task, to tell of dreams come true. Even in babyland, which should be also fairyland, the first question of the eager little student in fairy lore is always, "Is it a true story, mamma?" And what satisfaction is found in the answer: "Yes,

my darling, as true as truth; for that little maid's heart was gentle and true, and her thoughts were loving and good. How, then, could her words fail to be sweet as roses and pure as pearls?"

I desire to state at the outset that this new field into which my adventurous pen has carried me is not entered in the spirit or fashion of a critic. Here is to be found only a catalogue, complete, so far as possible, of the work of Wellesley's young authors, the eldest of whom have as yet but barely reached the mid-prime of life. As I read the various communications which have come to me from these sonnet-spinners and story-weavers, I am struck with the thought that it is time some humble Homer rose to sing their victories. For I am quite sure none of them will ever do it for themselves. High in the crown of these seekers after fame must Modesty be set, a glowing jewel. In every letter I find it. "I do not feel that I ought to enter myself among the literary graduates of Wellesley." "I prefer that you would not put me in your article where I cannot but appear as a fine specimen of a fizzle," and so on. It can be readily seen, therefore, that if our literary sisters are too modest to speak of themselves and their work, their unfortunate historian has been forced to gather her information as best she could from other sources.

Viewing as a whole the work of Wellesley graduates who have taken to literature, one finds that for the most part they have chosen to express themselves in verse or are prose short story writers. A few have published books, but as yet no novel writer has appeared among them. Only one or two make literary work the business of their lives, most of them finding time for the beloved writing in the midst of pressing home duties or the toils of teaching. But that, in the sixteen years since graduates have gone forth from Wellesley, literary work has already been done of which our Alma Mater may justly be proud, I do not need to add.

I do not know whether Miss Mary Russell Bartlett was the first Wellesley graduate to publish any of her writings, but as she is a member of the Class of '79, Wellesley's oldest, she properly comes first in this sketch. Miss Bartlett belonged to that favored band of gifted ones who enjoyed the personal friendship of our great founder, Mr. Durant. His sensitive poet spirit recognized the kindred spark in her nature, and he had great faith in her powers. While an undergraduate she took a college

prize for a poem, and wrote a charming sonnet for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Durant. After the death of Mr. Durant, she read a beautiful poem to his memory before the Alumnæ Reunion at the Hotel Vendome, Boston. This poem is considered the finest of Miss Bartlett's work. It would be pleasant to quote at length from it, but we have space for only the following eloquent lines: —

"He spake as the beloved patriarch spake:
'I die, — but God shall visit you with good;
You shall go up, my children, and shall take
My prayer, my plan, my purpose for your sake,
Into your promised land of womanhood.'"

Since leaving college Miss Bartlett has fully verified Mr. Durant's prophecy in regard to her, though she has been much hampered by ill health. She has published verse, book-notices, and one story in *The Boston Evening Transcript;* verse in *The Congregationalist*, *Independent*, Bric-a-Brac Department of *The Century*, and in other periodicals; short stories in *The Woman's Home Journal*, *Sunday School Advocate*, and *The Christian Union*.

We come now in the modest galaxy of Wellesley writers to a group of peculiarly bright stars, the poets of the Class of '80. No other class has ever presented Wellesley with such or so many brilliant and gifted students, though several classes have nearly trebled '80 in numbers. Miss Clara Jones was the first of the Wellesley alumnæ to die. She was a writer of much promise, and possessed a deeply poetic nature, but she did not live to publish any of her work. To us of the younger generation she will be always chiefly known as the subject of a tenderly beautiful poem written by her classmate, Miss Bates, and beginning: —

"A soul of music and wind,
So pure from the gates of birth,
That how could we hope to bind
The rare and beautiful mind
To a perishing form of earth?
. . . . . .
A soul of music and wind,
A spirit of radiant mirth,
A heart that thrilled to its kind,
A life with our lives entwined,
An ecstasy fled from earth."

Another of the vanished literary stars of '80 is Miss Josephine Cass, who went to God in the year 1889. Her versatility as a student and her charming verses early marked her as one of the most brilliant members of her class. She also found in Mr. Durant a faithful and inspiring friend. Hers was a peculiarly sensitive and lovely nature. One of her classmates writes of her: "She seemed in some respects like a sister of Keats,—a passionate lover of beauty, drinking it in through every sense." Miss Cass left a small cycle of rare and dainty verse, which she found time and strength to publish occasionally during her short life, though she was a hard-working teacher, and her ever-increasing ill health made life a grievous struggle to her. Her poems were published in such periodicals as *The Boston Transcript*, *The Christian Union*, *Springfield Republican*, *Congregationalist*, and *The Cottage Hearth*. A reprint of the best known of her lyries will be found in *The Wellesley Prelude* for Dec. 7, 1889. Among Wellesley students of all time the memory of Miss Cass will be kept forever green; for does not each glad and triumphant class step forth from its Alma Mater into the great busy world with the words of her "Alumnæ Song" upon its lips?

Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild wrote charmingly as an undergraduate, and her career promised to be one of the most successful after her leaving college. Illness, however, both of herself and others of her family, have marred to some extent the fulfillment of those early hopes. "But fortunately," she herself adds, in speaking of this subject, "I have learned that there is something which lies beyond letters, and that is life." Mrs. Guild's pen has not been entirely idle in the years since her graduation. She has done knightly service for her beloved Alma Mater. She has written a historical sketch of the first fourteen years of Wellesley College, which was published by the Bureau of Education at Washington in its "History of Higher Education in Massachusetts." The year after Mr. Durant died, Mrs. Guild delivered the memorial oration at the Alumnæ Reunion, which was afterwards published in a little volume with Miss Bartlett's beautiful sonnets. Mrs. Guild also wrote the first Commencement Poem read at Wellesley, in 1884. She has written articles on Wellesley for *The Boston Transcript* and *The Outlook*. She has also had verses and stories published in various periodicals, notably *The Andover Review*. But if one may be privileged to take a peep into a

little budget of unpublished verse by Mrs. Guild, the property of one of her classmates now, one may realize more clearly the charm of this beautiful woman's poetic nature. One of these hidden jewel-lyrics, called "Red Roses," is especially lovely.

"I know the sorrow, the gloom, and pain
Of the world to a soul untried,—
That my buds will wither, nor bloom again,
If the gate be opened wide.
But I cry for freedom, for love, for life!
For the real that conquers the dream!
And I know that there, in the heart of the strife,
The victor's banners gleam.
So I break the barrier, and fly with Fate
To the red, red roses beyond the gate!"

Miss Estelle M. Hurll, of the Class of '82, is a busy writer at present, and she makes literary work the chief occupation of her life. She is a regular contributor to *The Congregationalist*, *The Epworth Herald*, *Art Interchange*, *Jenness-Miller Monthly*, and *Far and Near*. She has contributed likewise to *The Decorator and Furnisher*, *Art Amateur*, *New England Magazine*, and *Poet Lore*. Miss Hurll's subjects have nearly always been in the line of art or literary criticism, though sometimes, as in the case of *The Epworth Herald*, she writes practical, ethical discourses. Miss Hurll has also written a book, which the Joseph Knight Publishing Co., of 196 Summer Street, Boston, are just publishing at the present time. The volume is entitled "Child Life in Art," and is illustrated with twenty-five half-tone cuts. All Wellesley students should see this beautiful work of Miss Hurll's, which will surely have a long and successful life, covering as it does an almost untouched field hitherto. Miss Hurll is now engaged by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the editorial revision of an important and well-known work on Art in five volumes. When this is done she expects to go on to other work based on the study of the old Masters.

For several years before her marriage the pen of Mrs. Lily Rice Foxcroft did excellent work for various religious and household periodicals. Her short stories and housekeeping hints were always marked by a vigorous and pithy style, which found for them an ever-open, steady market.

Miss Anna Robertson Brown, of '83, who has since taken a doctor's degree at the University of Pennsylvania, has done considerable literary

work of value since she left Wellesley. Her work bears a graceful polish of style, besides showing a remarkable versatility. She has published poems, essays, stories, one or two pieces of music, occasional musical criticisms, several Early English studies, a set of translations from the Anglo-Saxon, and practical literary papers. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., of New York and Boston, have issued two booklets of Miss Brown's, called, "What Is Worth While," and "The Victory of Our Faith." Miss Brown has published charming ballads in *The St. Nicholas*, and her Early English studies were printed in *Poet Lore*.

Unlike most young writers, who enter the field first with the small fry of literature, and by and by gain courage to approach the public with a book, Miss Helen J. Sanborn, of '84, came out first with a volume, and a very interesting one, too. It is a work of travel, called, "A Winter in Central America and Mexico," and was published in the spring of 1886, by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It has sold very well, for the first edition was soon exhausted, and the demand for it continues at the present time, eight years after its publication, notwithstanding the fact that publishers do not usually expect books of travel to have a sale for longer than five years. Miss Sanborn received warm commendations for her book from the press all over our country. One journal declares that her chapter on bullfights "forms a description as bewitching in style and entertainment as the famous chariot race of 'Ben Hur.'" During the past winter Miss Sanborn has published a series of letters of travel, with the title "A Trip on the Mediterranean," in *The Somerville Citizen*.

Miss Jessie Reid, of the Class of '84, may be said to be engaged in literary work, for she handles many manuscripts during the course of a year. Though none of these are of her own production, she sees a good deal of literary life from the publishers' point of view. She has a fine position with the great house of MacMillan & Co., in New York.

The Class of '86 was a very bright one, but only one of their number has chosen to write for publication since their graduation. Miss Florence Homer has done some literary work of an admirable character, and it is only to be regretted that she has of late almost entirely submerged her literary ambitions in her desire to be a good primary teacher. The editor of *The Outlook* desired her to become a regular correspondent to the Young People's

Department of that paper; but she has not availed herself of the privilege, owing to illness and school duties. But she has published poems, young people's stories, and letters of travel in *The Outlook*, *The Advance*, *The New York Observer*, *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and *Heathen Woman's Friend*.

There is among the graduates of Wellesley a certain little lady with pretty blonde hair, who wears smart Paris gowns and charming French hats, —a little lady who converses with the most lovable Southern accent, and thus veils the somewhat quizzical air with which she regards the world. This is Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, of the Class of '89, who was the editor of the first undergraduate sheet ever published at Wellesley. After her graduation Miss Goodloe studied and traveled in Europe, and on her return began to write. Miss Goodloe has had sonnets in *The New England Magazine*, *Vogue*, and *The Outlook*. Some time ago she published a book, which was a tragedy in verse, entitled "Antinous." In the periodical called *Short Stories* two interesting and well-written tales appeared under her signature. But by far the most interesting work that Miss Goodloe has done is yet to be given to the public. She has written a volume of short stories relating to the college life of women, which has recently been accepted by Scribner Bros., of New York, who are to publish several of the stories in their magazine, prior to their publication in book form. Wellesley students especially will look eagerly for the advent of this timely and unique volume. There are few, if any, literary works of value portraying that crucial period of youth spent in college, though much literature abounds concerning the life of younger scholars and of those who have just left college. Miss Goodloe's book will therefore find an appreciative and enthusiastic market among the many colleges of our land which admit women.

Of the Class of '90, Miss Mary Barrows did editorial work on *The Congregationalist* for some time after leaving college. At present her plans are nebulous, but she is hoping to assist her sisters in getting out their new magazine, *The New England Kitchen*, a sheet which is not only useful but interesting.

A competent critic, who was a teacher of both, has said that of all the later verse writers among Wellesley graduates, Mrs. Kent Dunlap Hägler of '90, and Miss Lilian Corbett Barnes of '91, have by far the most delicate lyric gift. It is sad to relate that very little literary work has been given to the

world by either of these young poets. Mrs. Hägler, whose graceful undergraduate verses so often appeared in the pages of our College paper, absorbed in her happy married life, seems to have decided that it is better to live a poem than to write one! Of this talented twain, Miss Barnes has accomplished somewhat more. She has written a poem fine enough to be published in *Lippincott's Magazine*. An exquisite song of hers which appeared in *The Christian Register* we append in full, as it is too beautiful to cut down. It was written after the death of her little brother.

AFTER-SONG.

Ballad-songs and hero-stories brave,
  Nursery rhymes of rhythm quaint and fair,
Cluster round a little grass-grown grave,
  Turn to violets there.

Water-babies playing in the sea,
  Winged fairies flying in the sun,
Evermore shall float and wander free,—
  Story-life is done.

Other hearts may call them as they pass,
  Tell the bedtime legends soft and slow,
Silent stand I by that bed of grass,
  Where the violets grow.

Wrens and robins chat and chirp around,
  All the place is sunlit, every tree
Holds a lullaby of murmuring sound
  Like a summer sea.

Does it hush the folded lids to rest
  With caressing voice? O wand'ring song,
Through my silence waft thy echoes blest,—
  Come and linger long!

Whisper words of childhood through the grass.
  Heaven's blue hills hold music! Mine is done.
Heaven-born children call him as they pass,
  Shining in the sun.

The two Florences of '92 are Wellesley's youngest literary children. Of these, Miss Florence Converse, who besides being editor of the College magazine did considerable outside literary work of high merit while still an undergraduate, has been unable to continue since her graduation, owing to ill health. A successful poem for *Poet Lore* has been the extent of her endeavor.

Miss Florence Wilkinson is privileged to show a very different record from that of Miss Converse, for she has been a prolific writer in the short period that she has been an alumna. She writes: "My plans and aspirations are simply to *write*,—stories, poems, a novel,— to write all I can, whenever I can, and as well as I can." And when a young woman enters the battle of life in that tone of voice, she generally succeeds. Miss Wilkinson served on the staff of the *Chicago Graphic* during the Columbian Exposition as literary editor, and published besides, under her own signature in that journal, an illustrated poem, "For Remembrance," a serial story, and a comedietta entitled, "A Game at Tennis." Miss Wilkinson's stories have appeared also in *Harper's Young People*, in *The Inter-Ocean*, and in *New York Independent*, and she has had poems in *The Calumet Magazine* and *The Chicago Dial*. Miss Wilkinson had the honor of delivering the "Ode for the Opening of the Woman's Building," at the World's Fair, May 1, 1893. Her graceful lines were afterwards copied by many daily and weekly papers throughout the country.

There have been special students at Wellesley who did not take a degree but whose literary work is of interest, and should be mentioned here. Mrs. Stocker, of Duluth, Minn., who was a student in the earlier days at Wellesley, has since written the music of an entire light opera, which is a success. Prominent among these specials is the name of Mrs. Delia Lyman Porter. In 1884 she published, with G. P. Putnam's Sons, a "Calendar of American History," which has had several editions, and was used a good deal in schools. In 1891, A. D. F. Randolph issued in one volume five short stories of Mrs. Porter's, which had previously appeared in *The Independent*, *Christian Union*, and elsewhere. The book was entitled "The Blues Cure and Other Stories," and has had, and still has, a good sale. One of the tales in this book called "The Measuring Rod," was also published by the New York Tract Society, and many thousand copies used. Mrs. Porter has likewise published several clever stories in *The St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *Congregationalist*, and *The Outlook*. She also had an interesting article in a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine*. Miss Annie Scoville, for several years a special student at Wellesley, should not be forgotten in this connection. She has written for *The Youth's Companion* and other magazines. Her pathetic little Indian tale in *The Christian*

Union, entitled "You Have Known It All This While And Never Told Us," has been copied and recopied far and wide in many American papers, besides being issued in tract form.

I have left her till the last, because the Class of '80 cannot by right claim her all for themselves. She belongs to all Wellesley for all time, by right of the genius which is hers. Miss Katherine Lee Bates, professor of English literature at Wellesley, is universally agreed to be far and away the most brilliant graduate Wellesley has ever turned out. While still a young student at college her power was recognized. She even then wrote verse of so rare and fine a quality that she received complimentary notice from the poet Longfellow, and as early as that her verses were accepted and published by such magazines as *The Atlantic Monthly*. In the years since her graduation, notwithstanding her incessant and overwhelming duties of teaching, and her ill health at times, Miss Bates has been an indefatigable writer. She has had considerable literary work in the line of editing books for class use, entailed upon her as a consequence of the chair she holds at Wellesley. Three such books, "The Ballad Book," "The Ancient Mariner," and "The Merchant of Venice," have been edited by her for the series of English classics issued by Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. But even to this semi-hack work, our inimitable professor imparts her own grace and depth of thought. Along this same line of work is Miss Bates's book on "The English Religious Drama," a series of lectures on the old miracle plays. This volume was issued about a year ago by MacMillan & Co., of New York, and received hearty commendations from scholarly men and the press. *The Churchman* says of it: "It is a pleasure to find a book so scholarly and well-informed; it is a still greater pleasure to find it in close sympathy with its subject. The author outlines her subject with clearness, and she lends to its discussion a bright, cheerful style and certain warmth of interest which the reader is quick to note and enjoy." As to lighter work, Miss Bates has published two books for young people. "Rose and Thorn" won a seven hundred dollar prize offered by the Congregational Society of Boston, and "Hermit Island" was brought out by the D. Lothrop Co. Both of these stories are in the charming, sympathetic vein that makes all Miss Bates's work so delightful. The Lothrop house also got out a "Wedding Day Book," compiled by Miss Bates; and three dainty

booklets containing poems of hers, "Sunshine," "Santa Claus's Riddle," and "Goody Santa Claus." Miss Bates has allowed her poetry to be used for the benefit of various college funds, and two private volumes of verse have been printed for this purpose, "The College Beautiful," a collection of some of her earlier poems, and "Sunshine," a little sheaf of most exquisite lyrics for children. As for magazine work, Miss Bates's verses have appeared almost everywhere, and in all the best-known and most important periodicals: in *The Century*, *The Atlantic*, *The Independent*, *The New England Magazine*, *The Christian Union*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Springfield Republican*, *Youth's Companion*, and a host of smaller publications. The poem with which she herself feels most satisfaction is "The Ideal," published in *The Century*. It is fervently hoped that the time will not be long in coming when Miss Bates may be able to gather together these beautiful brain children of hers and present them in a volume before the public. Her work needs no commentary of mine. There are none connected with Wellesley whose hearts have not been stirred by the poetic insight, the wonderful depth and breadth of thought, the pure sweetness, of all work that leaves her hand. And the best of it all is that this daughter of Wellesley in whom our hearts feel most pride, our flower of learning and poetic power, is still a young woman; and when she shall be able to devote all her time and strength to her beloved art, she will do yet more exquisite and more wonderful work.

To the undergraduates of Wellesley, who will read this history and who are conscious of secret longings to become recruits in the field of letters, the writer of this sketch desires to make one suggestion before laying aside her chronicler's pen. If the after life of these brave and gifted women, who were not so very long ago joyous and hopeful undergraduates, makes manifest any very striking fact, it is that far, far too often those youthful hopes have been blighted or destroyed altogether by ill health. So, my fair maids of Wellesley, if you would live to make sonnets, spend a goodly portion of your college days in making merely muscle and brawn. If you would have "roses and jewels" drop from your lips when you speak, see to it that they first blossom in your cheeks and sparkle in your eyes.

MARY A. WINSTON, '89.

THE POET'S SONG.

Many a song wrote the poet;
  Over the earth they went.
Toiled he early and toiled he late
  Till life was spent

Dying, he lay at sunset
  Under the glorious light,
And a gleam from the inmost heaven
  Shone on him bright.

Ended for him the earth-songs,
  The last one incomplete;
Death stopped the singer and straightway Life
  Lay at his feet.

Out through the sunset portal,
  Into the deathless day,
The soul of the poet passed that night
  Swift on its way.

And the song he left unfinished?
  He learned in another sphere
The grander chords of the larger life
  He knew not here.

He finished the song in heaven;
  Its echoes fell to earth.
In the soul of a poet he could not know
  New songs had birth.

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

IN HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

IT is noon, Berlin, and in the Café Bauer. The room is full of fashionable people,—officers, diplomats, natives and foreigners of distinction, elegant dandies,—old and young, some gay and animated, some silent and grave with *ennui*, some eating and drinking with evident pleasure, some listless and bored. In a remote corner, seated at a table by themselves, were two young officers wearing the uniform of lieutenants; handsome men, both of them, one fair, the other dark with a fierce black mustache, but an honest, open face, good to look at. These were Rudolph and Karl, brave soldiers and true men, but mostly remarkable for their friendship for each other. They were playmates in their babyhood, and grew up together,

sharing their toys and confeetions, their joys and sorrows, even in dresses. They went to the same school; studied the same books; played their pranks together and took the same punishment; loved the same little girls, and fought the same little boys; finally, when they entered the army, they joined the same regiment, and were comrades in all things.

To-day they have lost their usual high spirits. Perhaps it is the continual idleness and dissipation of their life in Berlin that has told upon them. Rudolph, especially, is moody, and looks pale. He lights a cigar and smokes in silence, but all at onee breaks out impetuously: "Karlchen, I'm dreadfully sick of this business! I've done nothing for a month but masquerade in uniform, dance and flirt with pretty women, lose money at the races, eat, drink, and chatter about nothing. We're wasting the best years of our life!"

"Well, Parson Rudolph, what are you going to do about it? Put on a blaek gown, and go to preaehing? *Pax vobiscum*, Father."

"There's nothing for me but the eholera or a pistol for one, and a cheap funeral. I suppose I must stick it out till then. But another year will find me a moral wreck, if I do survive physically. I wish from the bottom of my heart we were off to the Congo with those lucky dogs. There's life for you,—something to do, at least; danger and plenty of adventure!"

"Yes," said Karl; "too much sport for my humble insignificance. Lots of fun to have elephants walk on you, tigers play leapfrog over you, and boa constrietors embrace you fondly! This life may be tame, but I prefer it to the society of the Congo Valley."

"The trouble with you," said Rudolph, smiling for the first time that day, "is that you are in love with that American pig-killer's daughter."

"She is handsome and agreeable; but how do you know he is a pig killer?"

"O, beeause he is rich, and comes from Chicago. Rich Chicagoans are all pig killers. Now, Karlchen, that American female barbarian is only playing with your young and guileless heart. Do you suppose a girl with a head of any sort would marry you, with more debts, almost, than the Prince of Wales, and nothing but a lieutenant's pay? She likes your bright buttons and your wonderful mustache, but she'll never have you, I'll bet!"

Rudolph, of course, does not in the least convince Karl; but what is the use to argue such a matter?

"Rudolph," Karl says, "you are as *blasé* as Monsieur Lamarre over there, miserable old *roué* that will never see sixty again. You needn't try to make me have the blues, who am the flower of valor, virtue, and innocence. I still enjoy my beer, and like to make love to the fair dames. My digestion is as good as ever in spite of some discouragement. How much did you have up on Aladdin, yesterday? I lost a cool thousand."

"Bah! I have lost more than I care to count or remember. It doesn't even interest me any more."

"Why, Rudolph, old fellow, you are melancholy enough to be a poet. Keep in that tragic mood and you can recuperate your fortune writing sonnets."

"I'm not joking, Karl. This life is killing me as sure as I sit here. I am not made for this sort of thing. If I could only get back to active service again, lead my boys in battle, live modestly and decently, I might be something. What is there here to stimulate a man to do any good in the future, or be a man in the present? We are a lot of dandies, idiots, figure-heads to show off our clothes; prizes for fortune hunters and women. I shall be a disgrace to my family if I don't kill myself before it is too late."

"Come, come, this won't do. You aren't such a coward as all that. You are doing your duty, and serving your country here as well as you would be on the Congo. A soldier must do what he is told."

"Have we no duty to ourselves?" cried Rudolph. "Must I drink moral poison and commit moral suicide that Germany may be glorified with my poor body's strength? A man should have a right to choose for himself what his surroundings shall be. He alone knows what he can do, and where he is strong or weak."

"What do you want, Rudolph?" Karl asked.

"Oh, nothing now. If I could get out of this life and have a fresh start I might be a man. But it's no use. I really think my career is over."

Karl was anxious and worried. Never before had he seen a man in such a state of morbid melancholy and moral helplessness. Unless he could do something his friend might really take his own life, as so many had done in these circumstances. In an instant he made up his mind to a tremendous sacrifice. Perhaps in later years he would bitterly regret this step, but theirs was a friendship whose strength could not be measured.

"Doesn't the Germania leave for the United States to-night?" he asked a waiter.

"Yes, sir; at six o'clock, sir."

"Bring me some paper and ink, quiek," he said, giving the man a piece of silver.

He dashed off two letters, and handed one to Rudolph. "There; we'll fix you yet. Read that, and sign your name."

Rudolph's eyes show signs of coming tears at what he reads, but his voice is all a-thrill with joy and gratitude as he stammers: "Will you do this for my sake, Karl, dear, dear old fellow? You shall never be sorry, if I can help it."

"Never mind now. Get out and pack your duds. You haven't a minute to lose. Meet me at the station. I will send these."

"These," were the resignations of Lieutenants Rudolph and Karl from His Majesty's service.

. . . . . .

Three weeks later Rudolph and Karl are in New York City. It is a warm day, and Karl is in bed with a fever, and cursing the heat with a commendable zeal. He is restless, and tosses to and fro, making the poor bedstead groan. Beside him sits Rudolph, watching his companion with an anxious, tender faee, never onee turning his head. The sick man asks eagerly, "Has the mail come?"

"No, Karlchen, but it must be here soon."

Rudolph knows only too well what this longing means. This question, asked daily ever since their arrival, has made him realize what his friend sacrificed for him. He is thinking now what would happen if their resignations should not be aeeepted. Of course they will be; but if they are not, what then? Rudolph could not think further. His mind was dazed with conflicting feelings. He did not know what he would do; he was afraid to think of Karl. Was anything stronger than their friendship?

"Don't look so solemn, Rudolph," said Karl, noticing his friend's gloomy faee. "You might have the horrors if you had seen what I did a moment ago. The Devil came to me and made me sign a contraet, agreeing to serve me all my life in this world of sin, in return for which he was to gather me at last unto that silent and pyroteehnic majority down below. Rather a bad bargain for him, wasn't it? But when I asked him to abolish

the German army, the old fellow threw the contract at me and vanished with a yell of terror, just as you leaned over me with the medicine."

"That was rather cheerful," said Rudolph, trying to smile.

Just then a knock sounded at the door, and a boy handed Rudolph a bundle of letters. Karl raised himself in bed on his elbow, and held out his other hand imperiously. The thin, white fingers chose a long, official-like envelope and tore it open. Then he fell back in a faint. It read: "Resignation not accepted. Return at once for court-martial, or be announced a deserter." Rudolph has its counterpart.

"Karlchen, shall you go?" Rudolph asks, some hours later.

"Yes, Rudolph; I must."

"But you are too ill; you can't stand the journey. You will risk your life."

"Don't, don't, Rudolph; you will drive me crazy. Do you think that I will be called a deserter! My father and mother would die of shame. I must live. I will not die till I get there, never fear."

A great sob came from Rudolph, whose head was bowed in his hands. Karl's face grew whiter still at the sound. He put his hand on Rudolph's shoulder. "Come, Rudolph, you must go, too. You must go if only to take care of me. I know I can't live without you."

"O Karl, I am afraid. What will become of me if I go back there?"

"Why, my boy, think of your honor. You afraid of a court-martial!"

Rudolph was roused in a flash. He straightened up, flushed and proud, and said passionately:—

"No; not afraid of court-martial, nor of being branded a deserter, even, but afraid of my old way of life; afraid of idleness, dissipation, vicious surroundings, and the ways of wicked men. I will never lose my soul for the sake of men's opinion, not even my father's and mother's. But I will give even my very soul for you, Karl. You would die on that long journey alone. I will go with you."

The two men looked at each other, knowing then what friendship is. One must yield to the other what was more precious than life itself. A great, impassable gulf, the immeasurable difference of man from man, had risen to separate them.

A week later they were on board the steamer. Karl had won: honor had won, he said.

On their return they were reduced to the rank of private. Karl soon won his honors back, but Rudolph died before the year was over. Karl erected a handsome monument over his grave, but no one else goes there to mourn, for men say his career was one of shame. But who can rightly judge his fellow-man?

KENT ROLLA DUNLAP.

SUNSET.

The day hath been a dreary one, shut in
Beneath the leaden hemispheres of cloud.
"Life hath no wings," we said, "'twas meant to crawl;
Why did we dream, and try to send our thoughts
Up through gray doubts? 'Twas but the idle reach
Of hands which, fain to feel the upward lift
Of other fingers strong, and great, and close,
But touch their own reflection in the glass."
The clouds hang heavily above the trees;
Each leaf droops, burdened with the sullen tears
It scarce can hold; the day frets o'er its bars.
A crack of light! The cage is riven apart!
Upon the western golden rim of day,
Which overflows with golden streams of fire,
There hangs a burning jewel, fierce and bright.
It bursts! Through upward-swinging gates of gray
We look on through a glory infinite.
Eye cannot shape the promise throned there;
We lift our heads and watch the gray-winged clouds
Flee, pierced with the splendor of a hope.

JULIA S. BUFFINGTON.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE YEOMAN TO LANGLAND.

THE sun had sunken beyond the Malvern Hills, and the last hints of its glory were fading away. Already the air was cool with night dew, which hung in gray mist over the low-lying fields. Copses, here and there, rose darkly through the purple twilight, their upper branches outlined in sharp relief against the pale sky. Close at hand, the blossoms of the hawthorn hedges shone white through the dusk. Nearer still, flowering flag and

fleur-de-lis, ranged like ghostly sentinels along the roadside ditch, nodded their dim heads. A solemn stillness brooded over the landscape,—a stillness which was not lost upon the man who came striding down the road in the gathering gloom. Indeed, he had just been lingering, on yonder rise, to drink in some of the peace of this beautiful eventime, and to let the calmness of nature soothe his own troubled soul.

But while standing there he had seen a peasant crossing the meadows ahead, and being in doubt as to his whereabouts he had begun to hasten, that he might overtake the man and inquire of him. Soon the bushes by the way separated, and from this opening the yeoman emerged. As he saw the advancing figure, but a few yards from him, he placed his hand instinctively upon the short knife at his side, and waited. Distinguishing the stranger's clerical robes, however, he dropped his defensive attitude, and called, in hearty greeting: "Ho, friend! This is a lonely way; shall we fare it together?"

"Right gladly, brother," was the response; "though, perchance, it be not for long. Is Surratt village far distant?"

"Not far," replied the yeoman. "I am bound thither."

The two men talked but little, as they kept rapid pace one with the other. Once a belated carriage whirled by them, brave in its array of attendants. Although the yeoman doffed his cap respectfully until the noisy party had passed, his companion stalked straight on, with covered head, giving no sign that he had seen the gay aristocrats. The yeoman wondered, but noticing the moody expression of the man by his side, he ventured no questions.

At length, as they came into the outskirts of the hamlet, the stranger asked: "Canst tell me of one Robin Wright? I am bidden to seek shelter in his house," he added.

"In sooth, that I can," replied the yeoman, in surprise, "for *I* am Robin Wright. Thou art welcome,—whatever hast brought thee here."

"I am Will Langland," explained the cleric,—"come from Wychwood, on my way to Great Malvern. Thy kinsman, Jack Hood, sent me to thee for tidings from the men of this town."

"Tidings there will be ere long," said Wright, "such as will not tickle the ears of the lords."

As he spoke, he turned aside into a short lane which led up to one of the humble cottages. Langland, following at his heels, saw the door flung open wide, and a young girl standing there. For an instant her slender form was clearly silhouetted against the background of flaming logs in the fireplace; then she sprang forward to meet her father. But as she caught sight of "Longe Wille," she shrank back abashed. At this, Robin Wright laughed long and loud, laying his arm affectionately over her shoulder. "Oho, Sweetling!" cried he, "marry, if 'tis not thy brave coz, 'tis one who comes from him; so grant him welcome." The maiden stammered a shy greeting as they entered the house, but she soon slipped away into a dark corner, where she sat quietly all the evening. There she made a pretty picture, even in the shadow, her clinging blue gown girdled at the waist with silver, and her soft hair falling loosely around her face.

Her mother, a buxom, comely woman, bustled about to prepare food for the unexpected guest, and soon had ready on the massive oak table trenchers of savory flesh and rye bread. Both men ate and drank heartily, their pewter beer pots clattering an irregular accompaniment to the few words spoken.

When the meal was finished they drew their heavy, carved chairs close to the blazing fire, and there sat in silence for a while. Langland's face was stern and sad, like that of a man who has great and persistent thoughts hanging about him. His shaven head and deep-set eyes gave a serious, almost somber, effect to his whole appearance. This effect was emphasized by the flowing gown of coarse, dark woolen which enveloped his gaunt figure. His host was clad in green jerkins, with a jacket and hood of bright red. His weather-beaten face was rough and brown, but it was hardly less thoughtful than Langland's own. There were lines about the brow, as well as a firmness of mouth and chin, not to be mistaken; they bore witness that this man had not only strong convictions, but the courage to hold to his opinions.

After an interval of quiet, Langland was the first to speak. "It is said that the men of Essex are rising against the bailiffs and lords, that would make them all villeins again. And surely thou hast heard of the rebellion Wat Tyler has been leading?"

Robin Wright nodded. His black eyes glowed with feeling as he burst forth: "What wonder the people turn at last! They must speak for them-

selves if the Church will not speak for them. Much better would it be if monks and friars should cease from their inward contentions, and give voice to the complaints of the oppressed. Much better would it be if the clergy, now trembling and creeping before bishops and barons, would rise up and speak for the people whom they are thought to serve. Do we give to the Church every year twice the kingly revenue that these monks and priests may live in luxurious idleness, unmindful of us? Do our offerings spread rich feasts for them, that their senses may be dulled to the existence of responsibility? Aye, let them hide themselves deep within their magnificent cloisters so that they may not hear our cries, but to thee I declare, *we will be heard!*" The speaker had risen, and was pacing the floor excitedly as he talked. Langland sat looking intently at the glowing coals, but he said nothing. "Yet we cannot turn to the friars, for they, too, have grown hard and pitiless. They are lazy and dissolute; they lie and steal; there is no help in them. As for the clergy, when the plague was raging even they failed us and ran away. Cowards!!" With these words the yeoman brought his brawny fist down upon the table so forcibly that the empty mugs rattled. His wife, in approval, muttered, "Yea; cowards they be!" while she added a fresh log to the charred pile on the hearth.

Above the splutter of the green wood Langland's voice rang out again: "We all have reason to complain, friend, but whining is useless and wearisome, unless it tends toward justice. Who shall act as our judge in this matter? When the avarice and ambition of the secular priests, the greed and gluttony of the monks, and the dissolute idleness of the friars, make the Church deaf to the cries of the people, then shall the people appeal to the king. But now that our hope, the Black Prince, is dead, who shall aid us? To Edward III. we could not go, for he was only an irresponsible, foolish old man. As for the new king, he is but a child, knowing not yet his own throne. The government is unstable, and torn to pieces by warring factions ——"

"Where, then, *shall* we look for judgment?" interrupted Wright, fiercely. "Who will give heed to our murmurings? I know not. But this I *do* know,—we will *never* tamely submit. The nobles who think to turn us into slaves again shall find that we are strong in our own strength, though we have not the aid of Church and State. We are not dogs, to cringe before these proud masters!"

The yeoman's voice was hoarse with emotion; his breath came in quick, short gasps. The fair little daughter stole to his side, and slipped her arm lovingly through his. "Aye, sweetheart, these be troublous times," said Wright gently, "but fret not thy head over them." Then he went on, more calmly:—

"It is true that we are better off to-day than we ever were before. For although the long-continued wars and the frightful pestilence did cut off our numbers, these afflictions ended by benefiting us. Now, by reason of fewer workmen, wages are higher, and steadily increasing. Then, too, the same causes which weakened us weakened also the nobles, so that they have not been able to withstand our well-being.

"But at length these lords, who have seen us prospering whilst they have been growing poorer, think, in their envy, to make us villeins again, as our fathers and grandfathers were. They say to themselves: 'The guilds of craft are waxing in the towns, and soon what will there be left for us, who cannot weave, and will not dig? We would do well to bring both law and force to bear on these yeomen, and make them again, indeed, our subjects. Now their earnings they keep to themselves, so that we reap nothing. Let us, therefore, lengthen their day's work, and bring them under the yoke, that we may profit by their labor.' But," Wright went on, "I swear to thee, friend, this the people will not abide. We are brave, not alone to bear, but also to do. If we endure the mastery of these nobles, we shall soon lose our all. Lawyers, with false sheepskins and smooth words, will steal our houses and lands from us. Shall we dwell in poor huts of mud and reeds, as do our brothers in the North? Shall our stanch cottages be given up for hovels? Not while bold speech, and bolder deeds, prevail amongst us. We shall hold our fields and dwellings, our cattle, and the overplus of our earnings, as our very own. Aye, and the day will surely come when no man may say to another, 'Thou shalt,' and 'Thou shalt not.'"

"Then," said Langland, "we are agreed that the prophecy made by these vain nobles shall never be fulfilled; that men and women shall never draw the plough in England. Wrong has ruled too long; now let might help right. There are great evils to be overcome, and there are petty grievances to be remedied. There has, in sooth, been much of late to sober

men's minds; first, swords made desolate the country, and then the 'Black Death' followed, to devour what the weapons had spared. But the end is not yet, and the worst will be still, if the nation remains divided against itself.

"Only when protection is accorded to the rights of peasants, only when the lords withdraw their demands, and only when the Church becomes a true mediator between people and state, can peace reign. The day when these things shall be true may be far distant, but I believe it will surely come."

Langland's words died softly on his lips. His eyes seemed looking away into the future of which he was dreaming. Beside him Robin Wright sat, with one hand resting lightly upon his daughter's yellow locks; while the child, kneeling on the floor, her head against her father's arm, — was fast asleep.

MABEL A. CARPENTER.

THE LEAF.

(Translated from the French of Arnault.)

Thou little leaf, from thy stem rudely torn,
  Thou little leaf, all withered and sere,
Where is the haven whither thou'rt borne?
  Of that I know nothing, but naught do I fear.
The tempest hath riven the oak so strong,
  Which hath been mine only abiding place.
The zephyr hath wafted me gently along,
  Or the north wind, running his mighty race,
Hath driven me forth from my forest still,
Hath tossed me and whirled me o'er meadow and hill;
Submissive, o'er mountain and dale I roam
Since the day when I left my forest home.
Wherever the wanton wind doth blow,
Without a misgiving or fear I go.
And whither I go shall come, in time,
All the beautiful flowers of every clime;
Not only the flower of love, the rose,
  But the laurel, that noble men have won.
All earth's blossoms go to that long repose
  To which I am wafted slowly on.

JULIA D. RANDALL.

BESSIE'S RED ROSES.

It was a morning in mid-August. The sun, coming in through the half-closed shutters, streaked the ceiling with broad bands of light, upon which the shadows of the woodbine danced merrily. I could hear the low twittering of the birds. I knew that all the outdoor world was sweet and fresh, glowing with the silvery light which is reflected from dew-covered grass and trees. I could almost smell the perfume of the garden roses, and yet, the loveliness of the new day roused in me no answering lightness of heart. I was haunted by a feeling of oppression, a kind of nameless dread, which I knew would become very bitter and very real as soon as I was quite awake.

I tried not to think, and finding that a hopeless task, attempted to fix my mind upon the little woodbine ghosts which danced about the walls. The effort was in vain. Slowly the vague feeling of unrest deepened into a consciousness of some great grief, and then I remembered that it was but two days since Bessie died.

It was such a little time,—only one short year since the whole village was thrown into a flutter of delight by the marriage of its fairest daughter. Never was the building of so small a house watched with such tender, if curious eyes; never was a girl bride followed by warmer wishes or more heartfelt Godspeeds. It did not seem possible that any sorrow could cloud a life so full of sweetness and of promise; and yet, in that one year from the home which had been unbroken until Bessie went away, there had gone the brother and the sister, and Bessie had once said, "If I should die you must not send me flowers. Their sweetness has been spoiled for me by painful memories."

When I went with mother for our morning walk about the large, old-fashioned garden, the lilies and the heliotrope, even the glad, yellow pansies, seemed to say "their sweetness has been spoiled for me by painful memories." I could not bear to look at them, and had turned back toward the house, when my eye fell upon a beautiful cluster of red roses. Instantly there came the thought, these roses are for Bessie; and my mind was so filled with the one idea that I did not think it strange when mother said, "Our Bessie should have this spray." As she gave the stem into my hand I took it eagerly, breaking off one bud which was imperfect.

So strongly was the mysterious conviction that these particular roses belonged in some strange way to Bessie impressed upon both our minds, that later in the morning mother consented to take them to her.

The nurse came to the door. She was an old woman who cared for "Missy" when a child, and now for many long weeks had watched the frail young life slip gradually away from those she loved. The woman's eyes were full of tears, but when she saw the flowers her face lit up. She took them jealously, exclaiming, "Missy's roses; how many are there here?" She counted them with trembling hands, and saying, "Yes, just six," went in and closed the door.

Late that afternoon we came together in the tiny parlors. The slight, girlish figure was all in white, against which the red of the roses, which the small hand held, seemed richer and more deep. The brown hair waved lightly from her forehead as it used to do, and the lips smiled a little, as if in sleep. The distance was so short that those tall young men, who had been her ushers, easily carried their precious burden down the street to a quiet cemetery, which lay upon the hillside there. The only music was a soft trill from the birds, the only knell a noiseless peal from the harebells; and as we came away, the long rays of the sinking sun filled the whole world with a glory of golden light.

Several weeks later the nurse called upon us, and I ventured to ask the meaning of her strange words that August morning. She hesitated a moment, looked at me earnestly as if to make sure of my sympathy, then said: "That night when Missy died, as we were there alone, I heard her counting to herself. She spoke softly, yet distinctly, and over and again I heard the words, 'One, two, three, four, five, six.' 'What is it, dear?' I said. 'What is it that you see?' And with a faint return of her old radiant smile, she whispered, 'Six red roses.'" '95.

ONE HALLOWEEN.

The morning of the thirty-first of October was ushered into the calendar with fair, west breezes, blue sky, plenty of sunshine, and a general air of health and happiness, as if it were wishing a cheery day to the world at large.

But before noon the gray clouds gathered over the azure, and the wind rose in howling gusts, growing stronger as the day wore on; by twilight the storm-king was out in all his fury, and such another night had not been known in all the country round for years. Men shook their heads as they gazed out over the black waters of the bay, then hurried on to their cozy cottage fire-light, and before six o'clock the streets of the little village by the sea were almost deserted.

Only here and there appeared a lonely figure, buffeting with wind and rain; and soon even these had gone their ways,—all save one, a slight, slender woman, against whom the pitiless storm raged fiercely, at times nearly taking her from her feet. But she kept on bravely, past the row of brightly lighted cottages (for to-night was All-Hallow's Eve, and inside the good folk waxed merry over their frolicking, though all the fiends were rioting outside); past the post office, the store, and the doctor's old home, where he and his father before him had ministered to the physical ills of their townsfolk; past them all and out onto the dreary meadow that lay beyond the village, till the little form was swallowed up in the great darkness of the night.

The meadow was the pride and delight of the shire in the early spring-time, when the gowans and the primroses carpeted it, and the birds carolled over it in the sunshine; and through the summer days, and the long, long gloamings the young folk loved it, too,—loved to roam over it and rest on its soft grasses when the day's work was done; and many a time had its ancient trees heard the same sweet old story told under their friendly branches.

But in the winter, or when the fierce autumn storms raged, the meadow was a different place. Then the winds swirled over it in fierce, angry blasts, and the trees shook and quivered like wild things in terror; then the "blackness of great darkness" enveloped the meadow, and one out upon it knew not where to turn, nor whither to go.

Here, the story goes, on just such a stormy night, one Halloween many years ago, the minister's only daughter had come alone to try her fate. Then, in the darkness, strange figures had been seen, and muttered words heard even in the village, and on the storm-wind had come sounds of wild revelry, which boded "naught of good, but much of evil" to the town;

and in the morning news came to the villagers that their young lady was gone,—none knew where,—and then they knew that the fairy folk had been on the meadow, and had taken her away.

"She will na coom back tae us," the old wives said, "till the nicht when the minister himsel' gangs his ain gait on the lang journey; then the fairy-folk will send her to show him the way ayont the meadow to whaur the 'many mansions' be."

So the story had been told for long years; and now, when all the fury of the storm was hurling itself upon the meadow, when again the fairies were at work, and all nature-forces seemed ready for some awful deed, in the old manse on the hill above the meadow the minister lay dying. All the house was silent,—empty save for the little group in the sick room, and the one lonely watcher in the kitchen below. There was no sound but the ticking of the old clock and the faint breathing of the sick man, save when, at intervals, the fierce gusts shook the house. The hands of the clock pointed to twelve, and as, one by one, the strokes of the hour slowly rang through the stillness, the minister opened his eyes and smiled,—smiled so gladly, that those who saw it never forgot that look as he said softly:—

"She is coming now; I can hear the footfall, almost see the face. Yes, dear, I am waiting—waiting for you—but the time"——

They knew where his thoughts were, but they could not see as he did, and they tried to sooth him. Yet his eyes turned restlessly to the doorway, and the intense, eager look grew stronger.

"She is almost here—almost—here," they heard him whisper.

As they bent over him, such a mighty blast shook the house that it seemed as if no power could withstand its force.

Down in the lonely kitchen the old servant sat waiting, but as the sound of the wind died away in the distance, a noise outside made her start. A feeble knock, a faint voice calling, seemed the sound. Hastily she opened the door. There, on the threshold, stood a woman, wearied, worn out with the storm; but as she tottered in, old Ailson gasped with terror:—

"An' it's no yoursel' coom back tae us on sic a nicht, Miss Marget! O my dearie, my dearie, my heart's ben sair after ye these mony a year,—but ye hae but coom in time. The minister is waitin' ye, I ken, till he

gangs awa' tae find the wife he loved sae weel. But, O my dearie——" and the old woman sobbed, as she held the slender figure fast in her loving arms.

"Hush! wait! I must go to him now;" and Margaret went swiftly, softly to the door of her father's room. Quiet, silent, but the watchful eyes on the pillow still gazed for the dear face; and as she knelt beside him those about him heard the low, glad cry, "She has come,—dear Lord, I thank thee;" and the tired soul laid down its burden of life, and in that hour of thankfulness went home to God.

Outside the storm raged on, but with the morning came the calm, and down in the village the people said, "The fairy folk hae sent her back tae help us bear it, noo the dear minister's awa'."

THE MESSAGE OF THE GOLDEN-ROD.

What dost thou come to tell us, lovely flower,
Lifting above the earth thy golden head?
That all the summer's children now are dead,
That they adorn no more our favorite bower?
That Mother Earth looks somber with the shower
Of poor brown leaves, that fall just as if led
By some mad impulse, some forewarning dread
That now will come a lonely, silent hour?
"Not so," I hear thee whisper, soft and low.
"I do not come to tell of death or pain;
But breathing it on all the winds that blow,
So that on earth the message shall remain,
I tell that this is only seeming woe:
The flowers sleep, but they shall live again."

AGNES LOUISE CALDWELL, '96.

WOODSTOWN: A FANTASY.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

IT was an ideal site for a city. All that was necessary to perfect it was to clear the banks of the river by cutting away part of the immense virgin forest which had been growing there since the creation of the world. Then, sheltered all around by wooded hills, the city would slope down to the wharves of a magnificent harbor in the mouth of the Red River, only four miles from the sea.

As soon as the Government at Washington had made the grant, carpenters and woodcutters began work; but there never was such a forest. It was rooted to the ground by all its branches, so that when they cut at one place it grew from another. The wounds sprouted, so that every stroke of the axe brought forth green buds. As soon as the streets and squares of the city were laid out they were overgrown with vegetation. The trees grew faster than the walls, which fell as soon as they were raised, thrown down by the pushing of the undying roots.

In order to put an end to this struggle, in which the steel of axe and hatchet was dulled for nothing, the settlers had recourse to fire. Day and night a stifling smoke filled the depths of the woods, while the great trees above flamed like candles. The forest still tried to defend itself, fighting the fire with floods of sap and the heavy dampness of its thick foliage. Finally winter came; the snow fell like a second death on the blackened trunks and roots. At last building could begin.

Soon a city, all wood, like Chicago before the fire, stretched along the banks of the Red River. It was an immense city, with broad streets, all numbered, radiating out from little parks. It had its Exchange, its markets, its churches, its schools, and a whole maritime equipment of sheds, customhouses, storehouses, wharves, and dry docks. The wooden city, Woodstown, as they called it, was soon filled with the people who dry the plaster of new cities. A feverish activity filled all its quarters, but on the surrounding hills, commanding the crowded streets and the harbor full of shipping, rose a somber and menacing semicircle. It was the forest, looking on.

It watched that presumptuous city which had robbed it of its place on the bank of the river, and of three thousand noble trees. All Woodstown was made of the forest's own life. The high masts which rocked yonder in the harbor, the innumerable roofs sloping toward one another, to the very last cabin of the most distant suburb,—the forest had furnished all, even the tools and furniture; its uses were limited only by the length of its branches. What deep resentment, then, it treasured against that city of robbers!

As long as winter lasted no one noticed anything. The people of Woodstown sometimes heard muffled noises in their roofs or their furniture.

Sometimes a wall cracked, or a shop counter suddenly split in two. But since unseasoned wood is liable to such accidents, they thought nothing of it. When spring drew near, however,—a sudden, violent spring, so rich in sap that you could hear it under ground, like the rippling of brooks,—the earth began to heave, moved by mighty, unseen forces. In every house the furniture and wainscotings swelled, and long ridges, like mole passages, appeared on the woodwork. Doors and windows would not open; everything refused to move as usual. "It is the dampness," said the people; "when warm weather comes, that will all pass away."

One day a great storm was blown in from the sea, bringing summer in its vivid lightning and warm rain. The next morning the city awoke with a cry of stupefaction. The red roofs of the public buildings, the church steeples, the framework of the houses, even the bedsteads, were covered with a sprinkling of green, fine as the mould on leather, delicate as a queen's lace. Looked at closely it was a multitude of tiny buds, which already showed the rolled-up leaves. This caprice of the rain interested the people without alarming them; but before evening tufts of foliage broke forth everywhere, on the furniture and walls. Branches could be seen to grow, and if you held one in your hand you could feel it swell and flutter like wings.

The next day all the rooms looked like hothouses. Creepers climbed the balusters. In narrow streets, branches joined one roof to another, casting the shade of forest glades over the noisy city. This became alarming. While the scientists gathered and discussed this unprecedented botanical phenomenon, the people crowded together outside to look at the different phases of the miracle. The cries of surprise and the astonished murmuring of all that motionless crowd gave a certain seriousness to the strange occurrence. Suddenly some one cried, "Look at the forest!" With terror the people saw that in the last two days the green semicircle had come much nearer. The forest seemed to be descending toward the city. A whole advance guard of briars and creepers stretched out as far as the first houses of the suburbs.

Then Woodstown began to understand, and to be frightened. Evidently the forest was coming to regain its place on the bank of the river; and its trees, felled, dispersed, transformed, were making their escape to

go before it. How could the invasion be resisted? Fire would be liable to burn the whole town. Of what use, too, were axes against that sap, which was always being renewed, and those monstrous roots, attacking the earth beneath, and those millions of flying seeds, which germinated when they were broken and sent up a tree wherever they fell?

Still, everyone set bravely to work with scythes, harrows, and axes, and soon cut away an immense quantity of brush. But in vain they toiled. From hour to hour the entangled thickets of the virgin forest, where the network of creepers joins the gigantic treetops, took possession of the streets of Woodstown. Insects and reptiles invaded the city. There were nests in all corners, and great fluttering of wings, and knots of little chattering beaks. In one night the granaries of the city were emptied by the newly hatched broods. Then, like a grim jest in the midst of all this disaster, butterflies of all sizes and colors flew to the bunches of bloom; and provident bees, searching for safe hives in the hollows of those quick-sprung trees, laid their honey-combs, like a proof of the forest's long standing.

In the noisy billows of foliage the heavy strokes of axes were vaguely heard; but on the fourth day everyone saw that all work was impossible. The grass was too high and thick. Clinging creepers fastened to the arms of the woodcutters and bound them down. Moreover, the houses had become uninhabitable; the furniture, covered with leaves, had lost all form. The ceilings fell, pierced by the lances of yuccas and the tall shafts of mahogany trees; and instead of roofs, towered immense domes of catalpas. That was the end. There was nothing left but flight.

Through the network of plants and branches, which wove themselves closer and closer, the panic-stricken people of Woodstown rushed toward the river, with all the riches and precious things they could carry. But it was almost impossible to gain the river-side. There were no wharves left; nothing but immense reeds. The dry docks, where the lumber for ship-building was stored, had given place to pine groves; and in the harbor, full of flowers, the new ships rode like green islands. Fortunately the people found several ironclads; they crowded on board for refuge, and watched the old forest victoriously join the new.

Little by little the tree-tops interlocked, and, under the sunny blue heaven, the enormous mass of foliage reached from the river banks to the

distant horizon. Not a trace was left of the city,—not a roof or a wall. From time to time far echoes of the last-falling ruins, or of the axe of some maddened woodcutter, sounded through the depths of the forest. Then nothing remained but the tremulous, murmurous, musical silence of the forest, the clouds of white butterflies dancing over the deserted river, and far away, toward the open sea, a fleeting ship, with three great green trees in the midst of its canvas, carrying the last emigrants from what had been Woodstown.

FLORENCE MCM. PAINTER.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Came the West Wind, careless rover,
Came and lightly kissed the rose.
No one knows,
No one knows the whole world over
Why she turned her head away;
Turned, his coming would not greet,
When the West Wind kissed her sweet.

Then the West Wind, reckless lover,
Lightly, lightly shook the rose.
No one knows
How, dismayed, he sighed above her;
For her petals, one by one,
Fell, down-dropping strewn they lay;
Then the West Wind stole away.

S. C. W., '95.

LITTLE LYDIA'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

IT was a bright morning in early June when little Lydia gayly started out for her first day in school. The happiest little maid in all the world was she as she walked along by the side of her grave twelve-year-old sister Eunice to the sage brown schoolhouse just across the tiny silver stream from her father's farm. It had been the dream of her life to go there. The dim, low room, and the rows of battered desks with their rude carvings, had for her a mysterious charm.

No wonder, then, that her tight, yellow braids fairly danced about under her broad sunbonnet. Her feet, so finely dressed in her best white stockings and in her one pair of shoes, could hardly be expected to trudge calmly on. The sun shone brightly on her plump, bare arms and stiffly starched "tire," while her crisp, beruffled pantalettes had continually to be stroked and patted to keep them properly down. But if her tidy little person itself showed delight, it was nothing to the joy that darted here and there on the small face within the broad-rimmed sunbonnet, as if it could only find its true expression in the smiling eyes and merry lips of children. Onward the sisters trudged, eager Lydia hardly stooping to pick a buttercup as she hastily sped away, leaving an aching mother's heart at home.

In the sunken, poplar-shaded porch the mother stood watching her fast-disappearing baby. For many days she had known that it was now time that Lydia went to school. Little Lydia herself begged every morning to go. But none the less, now that the baby had really gone, the loss came to her with all the force of a fresh grief. Lydia was her joy and her fear. Her fear, because the child's father, a worthy elder, had serious doubts as to whether the little Lydia, with her beauty-loving nature, were really a "child of election." Indeed, in her passionate love for music he saw only an instance of that depravity which had led men to put into their meeting-houses "boxes of ungodly whistles," as if their noise could be acceptable to God. As the mother's own life had been one long struggle against her love of beauty and her own light-hearted disposition, she alone understood the longing in her child's nature. Her husband had once said her own sin of levity was being visited upon the next generation. Perhaps it was true. So from the time of Lydia's sunny babyhood until only yesterday, when the little maid had rushed in from play to have a scratched place kissed well, there had been a perfect understanding between mother and daughter. With sad thoughts of her loneliness and fears for the baby's future, the mother watched the little figure until it disappeared. Then, slowly turning, she went back to her hard, dreary work.

Two hours dragged slowly on. Meanwhile Lydia was tired enough of school. At first it had all been great fun. With dignity she had taken off her bonnet and hung it on a nail. Then she had been placed with a "seat-mate" in the back row, while Eunice had gone to the first form with the big

girls. For a time she had listened attentively to the class reciting from the Westminster Primer such charming and instructive couplets as

"In Adam's fall we sinnèd all,"

and

"Zaccheus he did climb a tree
For his Lord to see."

Very soon, however, she grew tired and thirsty. It was so warm there. The sharp elbows of the seatmate kept sticking into her. The children's monotonous reciting made her drowsy. Her shoes, too, were uncomfortable, and her stiff "tire" scratched her neck. Outside the birds sang to her of sweet clover fields, and the brook babbled of shady willow nooks, where cool waters would bathe her aching little feet if only she would come to them.

If all these things had not persuaded her to play truant, I am sure the next thought would have. It was Wednesday, the very day when her mother made ginger cookies. Surely they never could be made without her help, and then, too, she would lose her "gingerman," which she always baked for herself. In another moment Lydia had slipped from her seat and was running home, filled with the unselfish desire to help her mother.

In the big kitchen the mother was just putting the last pan of cakes into the huge, brick oven, when she was suddenly seized about the neck and kissed again and again by Lydia's warm, red lips. It was so good to feel those kisses on her tired cheek, that I think the mother would never have come to any sense of her daughter's wickedness had she not heard her husband calling sternly to her, "Mehetabel!" Little Lydia, however, knew well enough what it all meant, and, with another hug, was gone. A moment later the father himself appeared, and demanded Lydia. He had seen the truant cross the meadow to the house. Tremblingly the mother said that she did not know where the child was. It was not long, however, before the father found her himself, curled up in the trundle-bed, which in the daytime was always rolled under the big four-poster.

Apparently unmoved by the pathetic little figure, he rather roughly helped her out. Then leading her into the kitchen, he made her take off her shoes and stockings. That done, he said severely, "Come with me." With one timid glance little Lydia tremblingly put her tiny hand into her father's

great brown one. Straight on he led her, not by the road, but straight ahead down to the brook's edge. Hesitating for an instant the child gazed into her father's face, as if to ask him what was to happen. Yet with childlike confidence she allowed herself to be led on through the shallow water, up the bank, even to the schoolhouse. Then Lydia showed that she too was in part, at least, a true daughter of her Puritan father. Not once did she murmur or beg to be spared the humiliation of entering as a wet, bedraggled truant, the room into which she so shortly before had stepped in almost regal state. Through the narrow hall they passed, and in a moment entered the schoolroom.

At first the surprised scholars stared in a dazed way at the two in the door. Soon, however, a coarse laugh burst from the rude country boys. One great fellow, in a voice hoarse with laughter, roared out, "Ain't she a pretty one!" Only the quivering lips and one bright tear, that, splashing down on her "tire" ruffle, left a limp spot there, betrayed the poor child's shame. The girls, too, looked critically at her. Her sister Eunice, so like her father, looked stern and pitiless. Her immovable father, with his coarser perceptions, never for an instant realized what torture he was inflicting on his sensitive little daughter. Only the patient mother, as she stood in the doorway and strained to see all she could, felt, as she saw her husband leave the school alone, that her poor baby had had too severe a punishment. With a low cry for her darling's sake, such as even the baby herself would have been too proud to utter, the mother turned again into the lonely house. Well she knew that once having undergone such a humiliation, little Lydia could never again be the same joyous baby. "Perhaps, however," the mother whispered softly, "she may have a better chance of becoming a true 'heir of grace,' for through sorrow we are all made perfect."

Emily Poole Baxter.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Once more we wish to bring to the notice of our readers the advertisement department of the Magazine, which we fear has not heretofore received all the attention it merits. We are forced to this conclusion by the statements of several old advertisers, who say that, to their knowledge, they have received little return from their investments. Now, we may infer from this one of two things: either our readers have not patronized the advertisers, or they have failed to mention the Magazine when they have made purchases. We think the latter the correct inference, since those firms who give student discount, and thus know who their purchasers are, have offered no complaint.

This department should be of interest to every Wellesley girl. In the first place, it is only by means of these advertisements that we are able to offer the Magazine at the present terms. Secondly, it was our intention to make these advertising pages a sort of shopping guide, especially for those who are not acquainted with Boston stores, and for this reason the Magazine aims to advertise only the most reliable firms.

Those who patronize the Magazine ought, other things being equal, to be patronized by its readers, and we wish to ask the co-operation of the individual Wellesley girls in this matter, since on that the success of the Magazine depends. We ask them, therefore, to examine the advertisements carefully, and, when possible, to trade with the firms whose names appear; also to mention the Magazine when making purchases, since only in this way our patrons may know that their advertisement has been noticed.

II.

The news of the death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes carried with it a sense of personal loss to many readers, who, through his works, had learned to know and love him. The genial Autocrat, the witty Philosopher, and the sympathetic Poet will long be mourned by those who have listened to his voice "at the Breakfast Table" and "Over the Teacups." Covering a wide range of subjects, his talks abounded in insight, and bubbled over with healthful fun. His jests were never malicious, and his satire was

never bitter. He touched upon human failings without awakening resentment; he was the keenest of critics, — and yet the most gracious. We think of him as an observant, cultured friend, — a man of versatile gifts.

Physician, philosopher, novelist, poet, lecturer, and scholar, in one, — he was an illustrious representative of intellectual New England. Whatever he did was done with brilliancy and finish. Although marvelously quick, his mind was accurate and retentive. His conversation sparkled with wit, bright, clean, and cheerful.

Still, underneath the surface ripples of humor, there flowed a steady current of deep thought. His stories, notably "Elsie Venner," bear witness to his serious psychological investigations; they are both powerful and interesting. Furthermore, for thirty-five years he filled the chair of anatomy and physiology in the Harvard Medical School, where he won distinction and honor in his profession.

Born in Cambridge, Dr. Holmes belonged not only to "Old Boston," but to what he himself was pleased to term "the Brahmin caste" in New England. Because of his pride in his native city and in his Puritan ancestry, he has often been called an aristocrat, and man of the world. His, however, was an aristocracy of high breeding and kindly manners, — a world of the noblest things in life and art.

His real nature, simple and unaffected, showed itself at its best in his verse. Such poems as "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Last Leaf," and "Under the Violets," with its lines on "her little mourners clad in black," — the crickets who are to pipe a mass for the dead maiden below, — give him a foremost place among our poets. His song rings with the true lyrical quality; it is the spontaneous outburst of a serene and sunny spirit.

Dr. Holmes was the last of a noteworthy group of American authors who have earned enduring fame. The words of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes constitute the richest legacy which has ever fallen to this new nation. It is a significant fact that these men stood apart from, and above, the younger generation of writers; it is a sad fact that they seem to have no successors. And now the question arises, "What is to be the future of our literature?" Although the field is thronging with workers, there seem to be "no prophets in their midst." The spirit of this restless, hurried age is against that writing which should be "too great

for haste, too high for rivalry." We can only hope that the promise which is daily given us by the many, may ere long be fulfilled by the few.

III.

"THERE is not so much difference between home house cleaning and municipal house cleaning as some people think." These words of William Dean Howells have come to our mind many times during the last few weeks. The women of New York, who, it is to be supposed, have lived up to the traditions of their scrupulous Dutch ancestors, have decided that woman's influence is quite as useful and as needful in purifying the city government, as in sweeping and airing their own attics.

Among the many forces which have been at work for the overthrow of Tammany, we are proud to know that the Woman's Municipal League is acknowledged a powerful factor. Hundreds of earnest, thoughtful women, under the leadership of Mrs. Lowell, who is well known for her practical charities, as well as for her knowledge of practical sociology, bound themselves by a pledge to unceasing effort to arouse public opinion to the "number and enormity" of the crimes which have been so persistently overlooked. They have come to realize that, though they may not cast the ballot, they can exert no small influence by securing a larger registration, and by urging upon the men with whom they come in contact the strenuous need of municipal reform.

Not only is it significant that Dr. Parkhurst, who is so strongly opposed to woman's suffrage, suggested and encouraged the movement, but a most hopeful sign is the fact that the movement was nonpartisan; women of all ranks of life are interested, those who believe in suffrage, and those who take a strong stand against it. Mrs. Lowell, who would by her social position naturally attract women of keen insight and cultured mind, is able through her disinterested philanthropy to reach the women of the working class.

The campaign was a systematic one. The most interesting work was done among tenement-house mothers, where the wives of workingmen were encouraged to tell of the abuses they have been compelled to endure, and were taught that through their influence a better atmosphere, morally as well as physically, might be gained for their children.

It has been said that municipal reform just now amounts to a fad, and it may be true that it is easier for a thousand to gain followers than for one or two; but where there is so much interest among all classes, and where there is so much strong, wholesome enthusiasm, we believe that this organization will not disband after four short weeks, but will continue, and will help to teach all women that the relation between home and politics is a close one.

FREE PRESS.

I.

THERE is one subject which has been burning, and boiling, and bubbling within me ever since we have had the Free Press, and which I wonder no one has attacked before,—and that is the College lunch. We are all proud of our College. We love to recall the various pieces of our life there. Some of the memories—most of them I think—are very dear; but there is one which, unless I am much mistaken, is correspondingly bitter to all, and that is the remembrance of the lunch table. Is there a single alumna who looks back upon the noontide meal with pride or complacency? Is there a single girl now at Wellesley who regards the present lunch system with approval?

To me it always was, and is, abhorrent. As I look back upon it the picture presented to my mind is this: a table spread with various odds and ends, chiefly gathered from yesterday's dinner. In the center a platter of cold meat or of hash, at either end a plate of bread, at one a plate of gingerbread, at the other one containing six pieces of pie. (As the table is spread for fourteen, you will observe that half are expected to eat gingerbread and half pie. Do you consider these details superfluous? Wait.) There is, in addition, a large dish of sauce,—probably oranges and bananas sliced,—and, perhaps, a small one of potato.

Enter a girl who makes a rapid survey of the table, then taking a plate helps herself to meat, liberally to potato, taking perhaps one fourth the contents of the dish; secures a large slice of gingerbread, ditto of pie, dish of sauce, and sits down at the end of the table, where she will not be expected to pass anything. But do not blame her on that account. She has a French

recitation at 1.30, and has not yet had time even to read the lesson over. No wonder she is in a hurry. Enter two other girls with books, who go through the same performance as number one, and retire to the other end of the table, where they eat and gossip soeiably.

Number one jumps up and rushes out as number four comes in. As it happens she is not fond of pie or eake, but does like potato, and, having had a busy morning and being very hungry, helps herself generously to that artiele, whieh she eats in the intervals of perusing a mathematics lesson. By the time five and six arrive there is no more potato, and the dish is sent out, not to return,—a fate too common to exeite remark.

Several others come in and obtain, or go without, cake, pie, sauee, according to the voraeity of their predeeessors. The banana and orange mixture is exhausted, and is replaced by a dark substanee known as dried apples, or by prunes. The late comers, who have been unfortunately detained by an appointment just before luneh, are disconsolately munching bread and butter and cold roast beef amid the large eomplement of empty dishes scattered over the now disordered table, and are eomparing notes on the past recitation or hurriedly consulting their watches, when in walks the teacher with a guest. [This last could not happen of course at College Hall, where the faculty luneh at a separate table, but at Stone Hall I have seen it occur again and again.]

As for the other details I have mentioned, they are too firmly ground into my memory to be anything but sadly true. Do they not seem familiar, students and alumnæ? and are they pleasant to think upon? Would we not call any of our brothers who at home should do as the young woman I first mentioned, greedy and selfish, if, indeed, we employed no stronger term? Would you like to take some one whose opinion you prized into one of our College dining rooms at noon (I am speaking mainly now of the two larger buildings; things are ordered somewhat better in the cottages, though I am of the opinion that there, too, there is room for improvement),—some refined, elderly gentlewoman, perhaps, a friend of your grandmother, or, better still, a person opposed to the higher edueation of women, whom you were trying to convert? Would he or she be converted at such a sight? Would it not rather strike him as bearing too close a resemblance to the feeding of the animals in a menagerie?

There has been a great deal said and written about the College rush,—in the corridors, class room, elevator, bookstore, library, and post office, and, in a general way, at meals,—but it seems to me that this is a subject which requires a closer and more serious attention than has yet been accorded it. Because we have but a brief hour for lunch, curtailed in many cases by appointments immediately before and after, the meeting of which cuts off several minutes, and because we have left many things to be done at that hour which could not be, or at any rate which were not done at another hour, is there any reason why we should rush through our lunch in five or ten minutes, regardless of all courtesy and good breeding, intent only on getting what we want? Have not we all suffered from indigestion after such rush and scramble lunches? I have, and felt sick and faint for half the afternoon following, unable to study or enjoy my recitations. And yet it is natural and right that we should be hungry by lunch time. Breakfast was at seven, —five and one-half long hours ago,—and we have been working hard all the morning. We ought to eat heartily at noon, but we ought to have time enough and food enough to do so without violence to our digestions or our manners.

E. E. B., '92.

II.

So often is it brought against the Wellesley student that she fails to keep in touch with the outside world, that it seems as if there must be some truth in the statement. While many students are deeply interested in the great world beyond Wellesley, how few are even remotely connected with its activity!

Last winter, through the Free Press, a most urgent appeal was made to the Wellesley students to take some action as a body in regard to the great sufferings of the poor. Nothing was done. It was only when we would leave, for a few days, the happy, hurrying routine of college life that we at all realized what terrible want, and suffering, and despair existed so near our door.

We hope that the extreme want of last winter is not to be repeated; yet there will be always the sorrowing and suffering for us to help if we will, and it seems as if the students might do much through the work of the Needlework

Guild. The only requirement for membership of the guild is that two new garments be given yearly. These garments should be ready before the close of the winter term. Any member may give her articles to any poor person of whom she may know; otherwise all donations will be distributed by the guild officers.

There has been a Wellesley branch of the Needlework Guild of America for several years; yet the membership has been small, and the garments, in many cases, grudgingly contributed. Last year only three hundred and eighty-two garments were given, which means that only one hundred and ninety-one, out of some eight hundred students, are members of the guild. Our sisters at Smith, last year, gave over five hundred garments; and we know from Miss Atwood's interesting description of their work, last fall, that their larger contribution does not mean that they do less benevolent work in other respects.

It is well understood that our universal excuse for not more generally joining the guild is lack of time. It is suggested that the students do their sewing on these garments while waiting for quorums, and during prolonged class meetings. Surely there are many spare moments which would pass quite as pleasantly if we had a bit of sewing in our hands. If we only try this, we will probably find that six months will give us abundant time to make two garments; if not, we can help by buying them to give to the same purpose. The Christian Association is unable to pay Miss Gregg's salary, and thus, through lack of funds, has been obliged to give up the most important part of our home missionary work; can we not each do a little individual home missionary work through the Needlework Guild?

E. R. W., '95.

III.

During one of those inter-recitational ten minutes, so productive of frank criticism with us, conversation chanced to turn on the merits of lectures *versus* recitations; and, as appeared, the sentiment of the half-dozen in the company was unanimously in favor of the former. How it may appear to others I do not know, but to me the discussion was certainly suggestive.

We constantly hear it said that students, and especially women students, are prone to employ themselves too much with detail, at the expense of general

tendencies and underlying principles; and the charge is too well founded to be denied. We lose ourselves in a mass of interesting, but relatively unimportant *facts*, and we fail to grasp their real, vital significance, the fundamental laws which they illustrate. Doubtless the fault lies largely in each individual student's method of study; but is not the tendency fostered and increased by the ever-pressing consciousness of to-morrow's "quiz"?

Say what we will, none of us enjoy making a recitation of the unvarying *Je-ne-sais-pas* character, and so we spend our energies in preparing answers to every possible question, on every possible detail. We thus acquire a valuable collection of facts, from which some general principle might be derived, some tendency inferred. But we have no time left in which to derive or infer anything. We go to class, and there the time is occupied by the instructor in ascertaining whether or no we have learned these facts. We go out of class; our disconnected facts are still disconnected; our general conceptions are vague, or nonexistent. In January we spend a day in reviewing our *facts;* in June we spend a day in reviewing our *facts;* and then, having no common plan to bind them together, we straightway forget them.

Of course, this is an extreme conception; but it will serve, I think, to illustrate what may be the tendency of the recitation system. Could we not do better work with less of our present nervous worry, if the typical "recitation" which we used to connect with grammar grades and high schools, should be left to those institutions, and its place be taken by the more truly university methods of lecture and class discussion?

IV.

In last month's Magazine an article appeared on parliamentary law, and it was made clear that a better understanding of parliamentary law by the members of college organizations would save much time. There is another matter in connection with the various organizations of Wellesley, which needs attention before even a keen knowledge of parliamentary law will prevent students wasting time. This matter is quorums. Time is lost, and the dispositions of girls injured, by ineffective "waiting for a quorum." What are the reasons for this sad state of affairs? Two principal causes can be stated.

First, the quorum for ordinary business, as stated in the constitutions, is too large. A smaller quorum could transact the business as well, if not better, than a large one. Those who are most interested in class matters, and who work best for the class, always attend class meetings. Why need the quorum be so large that many girls, caring little for the class, have to be literally dragged to meetings that about five minutes' business be transacted? Then, again, because of the large quorum much time is lost while the factotums hunt through the buildings for these unwilling members. This matter can be rectified by an amendment to the constitution, but the second cause is more serious, and less easily corrected. Every girl graduating from college is considered a member of the class organization with which she graduates. There are some in every class who have no "class spirit"; they care not what the class does, and would rather not belong to the organization. What is the result of this forced membership? The class in counting its quorum must consider these girls among its members. Is it right or just that those girls in the class who are anxious for its welfare, be obliged to waste their time waiting for disinterested girls to come to class meeting? C. C.

V.

I WONDER if there is anyone who has not noticed how the singing drags in the chapel services. If there is such a one, I want to call her attention to it now. The organ and the singing seem often to be having a go-as-you-please race, in which the organ gets there first. Sometimes we start in after the organ, and keep behind it all the way; and at other times, when we do start in with the organ, we generally go slower and slower, until at the end we are dragging as badly as ever. It sounds as if we were too sleepy to keep up. Perhaps the trouble, however, is not in the fact that we are sleepy in the morning, but in the fact that we have no one to lead us in our singing. I do not remember that the singing was not up to time when the Beethoven Society used to sit all together on the platform, or when Miss Roberts (Mrs. Smith) used to stand beside the organ and lead us with her beautiful voice. But though we have no leader, if each girl will make an effort to put some life and thought into her singing, and to keep with the organ, I think the singing can be made a delight to everyone. B., '95.

VI.

One student, at least, and not a freshman, either, wishes to put on record a vigorous protest against our present system of elevator etiquette. Why should a senior, rushing up breathlessly at the last moment, enter the elevator with no delay and reach her third-floor appointment in due season, while the underclass girl, who has already twice watched the departure and hopefully looked for the return of that same elevator, only to find each time twelve more black-gowned fortunates counted in and the door closed before her,—while this one, I say, is left to seek some other more rapid, indeed, but more fatiguing, means of elevation to Elocution Hall? For whom does any benefit arise from this absurd system of ours? Surely not to the underclass girls, and to the mind of one who has occasionally worn the cap and gown, any benefit to anyone else is more than counterbalanced by frequent embarrassing situations, in which she does, to save time, what her natural courtesy would else forbid her doing. Has anyone any argument to advance in support of this time-honored custom? If so, let us hear it: if not, why continue in our, if not evil, senseless ways?

EXCHANGES.

In the College publications for October, the heavy and light articles are more evenly balanced than usual, the abundance of stories and sketches being no doubt a sort of reflection of the summer's leisure and pleasures.

The *Vassar Miscellany*, in direct contrast to its June number, is composed almost wholly of verse and fiction, the longest example of the latter being "The Story of a Sister,"—a prize story by Jessie B. Hart, '96.

The Ivy Oration, by Katherine Ware, and the Ivy Song, by Venila Spaulding Burrington, fill the first pages of the *Smith College Monthly*, while the rest of the magazine is devoted to stories,—those treasures of college editors, so often sought in vain and so cherished when found.

All interested in the growth and progress of our colleges for women, will be glad to read in the *Mt. Holyoke* the report of Miss Sarah A. Stewart, '67, of the progress of the plan started by the Class of '67 for the endowment of a Chair of Pedagogy in that institution. And while they have the magazine

in hand, they will find interesting and profitable reading in the review by Fanny Holmes Abbot, '94, of Walter Pater's "Imaginary Portraits."

A leading article worthy of special note is Frederick L. Luqueer's "Appledore and its Poet": "The island . . . with a soul, deep and rugged, though at times tender and gay as a bird; Celia Thaxter, . . . the human poet,—the lips of the soul."

Dr. R. A. Guild contributes as the leading article of the *Brown Magazine*, "Commencement Customs," in which he traces the changes and developments of these customs at Brown University from the olden time to the present day.

"The Study of Literature for College Writers," by Arthur A. Macurda, advocates such a study, as it "will enable a student to do far better work along literary lines than would be possible if he were content to plod along illuminated only by his own ideas, and guided solely by his own instinctive and probably defective sense of form and style."

This article finds a companion in "College Rhymers," by Herbert A. Jump, in the *Amherst Monthly*. All must agree with the writer of this article that the rhymers of the "erotic class," rather than those of the "metaphysical" or "terrestrial" classes, are the true college rhymers; and that in the field of light verse does the college rhymer reap his most valuable harvests.

We miss from our Exchange table this month several of the magazines which have gladly been given a place there heretofore, and we trust will be found there again in the coming months.

From the verse of the month we clip the following from the *Wesleyan Literary Monthly*: —

THE WAY HOME.

The sungleam and the dark,
  Vesper and matin bells:
The greeting hands of yesterday;
  The morrow, and farewells.

The cradle and the morn;
  The eve and ebbing sense;
And who shall tell us whither,
  And who shall say from whence?

Behind us lies the void,
Before us is the dark,
As on the slender boat of Time
We tremblingly embark.

By sun—by stars—we sail,
And tempt the dangerous sea;
We only know our vessel's prow
Is toward eternity.

The sungleam and the dark,
Vesper and matin bells;
The greeting hands in yonder port,
But in the earth, farewells.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Citizenship. By Julius H. Seelye. Ginn & Co., Boston.

In our High Schools there has long been felt the need of some book which will lay the foundation for a thorough course in civics. This book, by the late President of Amherst College, meets this need admirably. It is a careful study of the basis on which the whole structure of government and law rests, since it emphasizes the sovereignty of the people. The book first takes up the characteristics of government with its relations to human life, and then considers the questions of its rights and duties. The writer has prepared as an introduction a concise and exhaustive outline, which he follows strictly.

The rights and duties of citizenship are treated under the two divisions of international and national law; the latter is again divided into public and private law. International law is considered in its application to peace and to war; public law is treated as constitutional and administrative; private law as political and civil. The paragraphs are illustrated by characteristic examples of American government, though the subject matter is never burdened by any legal technicalities.

The book will commend itself to professor and scholar alike, either as an outline for further study, or as a means for a general survey of the executive, judicial, and administrative functions of government.

Among the books received this month is a volume entitled "Selections from Ruskin," published by Ginn & Co., Boston. The book is edited by

Mrs. Lois G. Gufford, who has made several careful introductory studies. The many annotations will make it a valuable text-book for high-school use.

Several books which reached us too late for reviewing in this issue, are acknowledged under "Books Received."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Philosophy of Teaching, by Arnold Tompkins. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Citizenship, by Julius H. Seelye. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Selections from the Essays of John Ruskin, Mrs. Lois G. Gufford. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The First Latin Book, by William C. Collar, A.M., and M. Grant Daniell, A.M. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Latin at Sight, by Edwin Post. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cts.

Mediæval Europe, by Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.65.

Four Months in New Hampshire, a sequel to "Black Beauty," by Mrs. Ellen A. Barrows. Revised and published by the American Humane Education Society.

A Scientific French Reader, by Alexander W. Herdler. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85 cts.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular programme meeting of the Agora was held October 27th. The society received into its membership, Miss North, '97; Miss Bixby, '97; Miss Hathaway, '97; Miss Davis, '97; Miss Devol, '97. The programme of the evening was as follows:—

Impromptu speeches.
Lord Roseberry and England's Foreign Policy, Elizabeth Zeigler.
Woman's Crusade in New York City . . Anne Bixby.
Belgian Elections . . . . . Grace Caldwell.

History of the Tariff Bill and Summer Legislation, Mary Prior.
The War between China and Japan . . Helen Bisbee.
Work of the Lexow Committee . . Belinda Bogardus.
Strikes of the Summer and the Labor Questions, Clara Benson.

An informal discussion on the subjects of the meeting followed.

The regular meeting of the Classical Society was held October 27th. The following programme was presented :—

Incidents in the Lives of the Ancients.

Pericles	Annie Leonard.
Sappho	Beatrice Stepanek.
Æneas	Mabel Rand.
Sophocles	Edith Dexter.
Hermes	Annie Chute.
Demosthenes . . .	Nellie Stimpson.
Alexander the Great . .	Margaret Simmons.
Dido	Caroline Peck.
Pliny the Younger . .	Grace Townsend.
Socrates	Julia Randall.
Andromache	Irene Kahn.
Odysseus	Ida Brooks.
Psyche	Mary Chapin.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Hathaway Hall, Saturday evening, October 27th. The programme of the meeting was the study of the "Merchant of Venice," and consisted of the following numbers :—

Shakespeare News . . . . Gertrude Rushmore.
The Setting of the Play . . . Grace Miller.
Dramatic Representation : "Merchant of Venice," Act II. Scene II.
A Plot Study . . . . . Katharine Conner.
Discussion : Study of the Scenes.
A Character Sketch, "Lorenzo and Jessica," May Merrill.
Dramatic Representation : "Merchant of Venice," Act V. Scene I.

At a meeting of Phi Sigma held Saturday, October 27th, the following programme was presented :—

The Primitive Short Story . . . . Anna Witherle.
Presentations.
Russian Short Story . . . . . Mabel Davison.
French Short Story . . . . . Alice Schouler.
The Universal Short Story . . . . May Woodin.
Selections from the Arabian Nights . . Julia Lyman.
Boccaccio and the Short Story . . . Lilian Brandt.

Miss Holly, '92, Miss Lauderburn, '92, Miss Eager, '93, and Miss Holmes, '94, were present at the meeting.

The regular meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held September 26th. The programme was as follows :—

The Present Social Conditions . . . Mary Field.
Some Causes of the Social Disturbances . Pearl Underwood.
A Voice from the People . . . . Martha Shackford.
The Capitalists' View . . . . . Elizabeth H. Peale.

An informal discussion followed.

Miss Helen Storer, '89, was present at the meeting.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Monday, November 26th.—Lecture, Rev. George Knox.
Saturday, December 1st.—Senior Sociable.
Monday, December 3d.—Concert.
Sunday, December 9th.—Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., New York.
Monday, December 10th.—Lecture, Prof. Francis H. Stoddard.
Sunday, December 16th.—Dean George Hodges, Cambridge.
Monday, December 17th.—Concert.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Wellesley is ever improving. The two changes which have been noticed in the College during the last few weeks are small, but so helpful that one wonders that they have not been introduced before. A long-distance tele-

phone has been placed in the General Office; and reference bulletin boards have been hung by the library door, and in the second floor center.

The first concert of the college year was an organ recital, given by Mr. Henry M. Dunham, on Monday evening, October 8th. His rendering of a selection from Mendelssohn was especially appreciative, and called forth Wellesley's most enthusiastic applause.

On Sunday evening, October 14th, Miss Bates conducted the senior prayer meeting. She spoke of the sacred poems of Christina Rossetti, and presented the Class of '95 with a copy of these lyrics.

Miss Sarah E. Capps, '95, is so much better that she has been moved from the Newton Hospital to the home of friends in Malden. She will soon be able to return to her home in Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Gertrude Wilson has been elected president of the Shakespeare Society, to fill the position left vacant by Miss Capps.

On Monday, October 15th, Dr. Arbuthnot gave an illustrated lecture on Stratford-on-Avon. He is vicar of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which Shakespeare formerly attended. By his thorough knowledge of the country, and by his fine collection of pictures, he was able to take his audience across the seas, and back in years, to the home and the time of the great English dramatist.

On Monday evening, October 22d, a concert was given by Mr. C. L. Staats, clarinet virtuoso, assisted by Miss Jessie M. Downer, pianiste, and Miss Jennie Corea, soprano.

Miss Mabel Wellman has been made editor-in-chief of the '95 "Legenda" Board.

Miss Helen Storer, '89, has spent a week at Norumbega with Mrs. Newman.

The Class of '96 is again rampant upon reform. They have decided to divide their days into periods of eight hours each. One of these periods is to be devoted to study, another to recreation, and another to sleep. It is to be hoped that their increased vigor, in both mind and body, will induce others to follow their example.

The inter-class tennis tournament took plaee Monday, October 15th. The ehampions of the several classes were Miss Barker, '98, Miss Dewson, '97, Miss Cobbs, '96, and Miss Chase, '95. Miss Dewson and Miss Chase played the finals, Miss Dewson winning the ehampionship of the College on a seore of 5–1. She reeeived a "Sear's Speeial" tennis raequet, presented by the Boston firm of Wright & Ditson.

Miss Elva Young has compiled a little pamphlet for the use of the Agora. It is entitled the "Legal Status of Women under the Laws of Massachusetts."

The departments of History and Literature have arranged a series of leetures and readings to be held every Saturday afternoon. They will be given by people of note upon the familiar matters of to-day. The first entertainment in this eourse was a delightful reading by Mrs. Margaret Deland, from her poems and prose tales. A reeeption was afterwards held for Mrs. Deland in the faeulty parlors.

Miss Curtis, '90, Miss White, '93, Miss Eager, '93, Misses Angell, Drake, Thompson, Laughlin, Mitehell, Pope, of '94, have been among the former students who have lately visited the College.

A reeeption in honor of Mrs. Durant and the new members of the faeulty was held by Mrs. Irvine, on Monday evening, Oetober 29th, in the faculty parlor.

Halloween was eelebrated this fall with its usual good eheer. The different houses vied with eaeh other as to their method of entertainment. At Wood, an informal dance was followed by stories around a roaring fire. The seniors of Freeman Cottage gave a elever little faree, after which the lamps were put out, and by the flickering firelight ghosts and refreshments were diseussed. Fun ran high at Norumbega; the second and third floors each furnished an entertainment. It would be hard to deeide whether the realistic presentation of "Young Loehinvar" or the menagerie were the sueeess of the evening. Anyone who had experienced a former Halloween at the Main Building, would have been astonished to peep into the dining room of College Hall on this thirty-first of Oetober. The tables glittered with their holiday array, the girls shone resplendent in evening gowns, but during the entire first eourse not a sentenee, not a word, was uttered.

During the second course the college women had seemingly returned to the days of their childhood, talking only in words of one syllable. By the time dessert was reached they had become evolutionized to the point where words of two syllables were a possibility. After dinner the usual masquerade dance was held in the gymnasium. The inmates of Stone Hall, being of a more altruistic disposition, gave a musicale to the Pierian Sodality of Harvard College, and other outside guests.

Professor Coman delivered a lecture on Saturday afternoon, November 3d, her subject being "The Land of the Czars."

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The first annual dinner of the Worcester Wellesley Club, which took place Friday evening, October 26th, at the Bay State, was a most successful inauguration for the new organization. Beginning in September with 15 members, the society now numbers 40, and of these, 31 assisted at the festivities of last evening. At 6.30 the girls began to assemble, and an informal and very sociable reception followed, with photographs of the College and reminiscence of former days.

At 8 o'clock all repaired to the dining-room, where a collation was served. The long tables were arranged to form three sides of a square. Miss Mary Whipple, president of the club, took the head of the table; on her left sat Miss Conyngton, the guest of honor of the evening. The other places were occupied by the officers of the club.

After the girls had done ample justice to a most elaborate *menu*, Miss Whipple called the company to order, and in a happy speech gave formal greeting to the daughters of Wellesley assembled before her. She then introduced Miss Alice G. Arnold, who officiated as toastmaster in a bright and charming manner. There were five toasts. Miss Whipple responded to the first, "Wellesley of the Olden Time," giving interesting reminiscences of the opening of the College and library, and of the founder, Mr. Durant.

"Sons-in-Law and Grandchildren," was the subject of Mrs. Frank W. Blair's amusing toast. Then came the *piece de resistance*, so to speak, of the

evening, when Miss Conyngton, of Boston, spoke for "College Settlements." Miss Conyngton is connected with the Dennison House in Tyler Street, Boston, and her descriptions of the visiting, the parties, and the Shakespeare classes were of intense interest.

Mrs. May Sleeper-Ruggles responded for "Specials," and Miss Annie May Henderson made some witty remarks apropos the "Wellesley of to-day."

The last number on the programme was the singing of the Wellesley College song, "To Alma Mater," which was joined by all the company, standing. The Wellesley cheer, given in thrilling effect, ended an evening of great social enjoyment to all present. No club could have a more successful inauguration, or one more gratifying in every way to its well-wishers, than had the Wellesley Club last night.

The officers of the Club are: Miss Mary E. Whipple, president; Miss Lillian M. Crawford, vice president; Miss Maude A. Dodge, secretary; Mrs. Frank W. Blair, Miss Carrie M. Pierce, Miss Alice G. Arnold, executive committee.

Those present were: Miss Anna Arnold, Miss Alice Arnold, Miss Lilian Atwood, Mrs. Frank Blair, Miss Adeliza Brainerd, Mrs. H. W. Cobb, Miss Mary Collins of Southboro, Miss Mary Coolidge, Miss Mary Conyngton of Boston, Miss Helena Corey of Spencer, Miss Lillian Crawford, Miss Abbie Davis, Miss Maude Dodge, Miss Martha Goddard, Miss Annie May Henderson, Miss Mary Herrick, Miss Mary Jillson, Miss Helen Lincoln, Miss Mary Lincoln, Miss Bertha Longley, Miss Geraldine Longley, Mrs. Gilbert Manley of Spencer, Miss Grace Mix, Mrs. Mary Jenks Page, Miss Carrie Pierce, Miss Harriet Pierce, Mrs. Everett Prouty of Spencer, Mrs. May Sleeper-Ruggles, Miss Mary Townsend, Miss Lucia Upham, Miss Mary E. Whipple, Miss Eleanor Whiting.

. . . . . .

A meeting of the Boston Wellesley Association was held Saturday, October 27th, in Stone Hall parlor. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Mary Putnam Hart, of Cambridge, and after the reading of the minutes, Professor Coman gave a talk on College Settlements. Twelve colleges are represented in the Settlement Association. They are Wellesley,

Smith, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, Cornell, Radcliffe, Wells, Packer Institute, Swarthmore, Elmira, Mt. Holyoke, Baltimore. The membership of the Association is about one thousand, of which one hundred and thirty-five are from Wellesley. The income from membership fees was, for the year ending Sept. 1, 1892, $3,769, for the year ending Sept. 1, 1893, $4,380, and for the year ending Sept. 1, 1894, $4,685. Wellesley's contribution to this income was, for '92, $635; for '93, $551; for '94, $673.50. Three fifths of the annual contribution was from the alumnæ.

Mrs. Irvine then gave an account of the changes and improvements at Wellesley, and the outlook for the coming year. She spoke of Dr. Charlotte Roberts' return to the College, of the two new teachers in the Zoölogical department, the union of the Romance Languages under one head, the removal of the third and fourth girl from the hitherto crowded rooms in the main building, and the new buildings, Fiske Cottage and the Chemical Laboratory.

Refreshments were served, and the remainder of the time was passed socially.

. . . . .

The following is a list of the various Wellesley Associations:—

Boston Wellesley Club. Secretary, Miss Jane Furber, '92, Boston, Mass.

Cleveland Wellesley Association.

Maine Wellesley Association.

Wellesley Club of New York.

Western New York Wellesley Association. Secretary, Miss Mary E. Welsh, Livingston Park Seminary, Rochester, N. Y.

Philadelphia Wellesley Club. Secretary, Miss Elizabeth W. Braley, 1328 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, or 619 County Street, New Britain, Conn.

Southern Wellesley Association.

St. Louis Wellesley Association.

Washington Wellesley Association. Secretary, Julia M. Green.

Western Wellesley Association. Secretary, Miss Evangeline Sherwood, '94, Chicago.

Los Angeles Wellesley Club. Secretary, Miss Leona Lebus, '89, 648 South Olive Street, Los Angeles, California.

Connecticut Valley Wellesley Club. Secretary, Katharine Horton, '89, Windsor Locks, Conn.

Worcester Wellesley Association. Secretary, Miss Maude A. Dodge, '88.

Will the Secretaries of the Wellesley Associations who have as yet sent no report to the Alumnæ Editor, kindly do so as soon as possible.

. . . . .

Miss Isabel Bronck, '79–'81, Ph.B., Illinois, Wesleyan University, is teaching in the Misses Ely's School, Riverside, New York City.

Miss Elizabeth Jones, '84, is teaching with Miss Hills, 1808 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss S. Lillian Burlingame, '85, is teaching in the Humboldt High School, St. Paul, Minn.

Miss Eliza Hall Kendrick, '85, has returned to the College as instructor in the department of Old Testament and Hebrew.

Miss Emily R. Gregory, '85, is teaching in Milwaukee College, Milwaukee.

Miss Jessie L. Van Vliet, '85, has received the degree of M.A. from the University of Michigan.

Miss Alice M. Allen, '85, is teaching in Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

Miss Lydia B. Essex, '85, is teaching this year in the High School, Derby, Conn.

Miss Mary F. Hurlburt, '87, is teaching in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Penn.

Miss Sarah J. Storms, '87, has taken the degree of M.A. at Radcliffe College.

Miss Alice E. Dixon, '87, is teaching in Drew Seminary, Carmel, N. Y.

Miss Nancy C. George, '88, is teaching Latin and History in the Woburn, Mass., High School.

Miss Emma Pleasants, '89, is teaching in Miss Pierson's school, in Palo Alto, and studying in Leland Stanford University.

The engagement of Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '89, to Mr. John Whistler, of Denver, Colorado, is announced.

Miss Clare Wade, '89, returned home from her European trip in September.

Miss Helen Holmes, '89, and Miss Ruth Abbott, '89, are both studying Kindergarten in Boston.

The winter address of Miss Alice Libby, '89, is 187 rue de la Pompe, Passy, Paris.

Miss Helen A. Parker, '90, has accepted a position in Miss Lewin's private school, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Miss Bessie L. Cook, '90, has completed her library course at Pratt Institute.

Miss Mary L. Fish, '90, is teaching in the Riverside School, Auburndale, Mass.

Miss Helen Ruth Hibbard, '94, is teaching in Miss Williams' school, No. 4 Linden St., Worcester, Mass.

Miss Isabel Sinclair, '90, is teaching at Summit, N. J.

Miss Strobridge, formerly of '90,—whose death in Rome, April 19th, brought so much sorrow to her friends,—had been spending the winter in Italy, and had arranged to sail for America the week of her illness. The summer of '93 had been passed at her sister's home in Sicily, but the winter was devoted to study in Rome. She had many friends there, both Italian and American. Every effort was made to check the fatal illness, but in vain. She rests now in the Protestant cemetery, just outside the walls, near the gate through which St. Paul passed to his martyrdom.

Miss M. Emogene Hazeltine, '91, has charge of the Public Library, Jamestown, N. Y.

Miss Alma E. Beale, '91, is teaching Science in the Naugatuck, Conn., High School.

Miss Caroline B. Perkins, '91, is teaching in the High School at Mansfield, Mass.

Miss Florence Dean, '91, is teaching at Soule College, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Miss Annie L. Durflinger, '91, is teaching in Middletown, N. Y.

Miss Alice R. Jackson, '91, is teaching in Miss Lockwood's school, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Miss Amy A. Whitney, '89–'91, is teaching in the Western Female Seminary, Oxford, Ohio.

Mrs. Charlotte Miller, Middlebrook, '91, lives in Atlanta, Georgia, where she will be glad to meet old friends at 38 Euclid Ave., Inman Park, Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Sarah M. Roberts, '91, is teaching in Miss Mason's school, Media, Penn.

Miss Alice Stevens, '91, is teaching in the Hartford, Conn., High School.

Miss Mary R. Eastman, '92, is teaching in Lyndon Hall, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Miss Vinnie J. Libbey, '92, will teach this year in the Cleveland, O., High School.

Miss Theresa B. Stanton, '92, is teaching in the Manchester, N. H., High School..

Miss Agnes M. Shaw, '92, is teaching this year in the Misses Stevens' School, New Gloucester, Me.

Miss Marion F. Randolph, '92, has just entered upon a four years' course at the Woman's Medical College of New York.

Miss Clara M. Burt, '92, is again at Northfield.

Miss Flora A. Randolph, formerly of '92, is teaching in Miss Bennett's private school at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Miss Anna Reed Wilkinson, '92, is spending a year in Paris, studying Art. Her address is 117 rue Notre Dame des Champs, care Mme. Fuster.

Miss Effie Thompson, '87–'92, will hold the Biblical scholarship at Bryn Mawr this year.

Miss Frances C. Lance, '92, is teaching at Woodward Institute, Quincy, Mass.

Miss Alice Newman, '92, starts for Los Angeles, October 30th, to spend the winter with Miss Sarah Bixby, '94.

The address of Mrs. Isabel Northey Murray, '92, is 46 Pearl Street, Somerville, Mass.

Miss Clara B. Count, '93, is principal of the High School, Somerset, Mass.

Miss Alice E. Denny, '91–'93, is teaching in the Wellesley School, Evansville, Ind.

Miss Stella Hoghton, '93, is teaching in the High School, Hillsboro, Ill.

Mrs. Mattie Hocker Jenkins, '93, is living at 46 Langdon Street, Cambridge. Mr. Jenkins will graduate from the Divinity School at Harvard, in June, 1895.

MARRIED.

Holmes–Mabie.—On Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1894, Miss Grace Mabie, formerly '95, to Mr. George P. Holmes. At home Tuesdays, Chapman House, Pawling, New York.

Tracy–Blakeslee.—On Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1894, Miss Elizabeth M. Blakeslee, '91, to Mr. John Tracy.

BORN.

August, 1894, a son to Mrs. Sophie Bogue Huff, '85–'87, at 5 Washington Place, Chicago, Ill.

March, 1894, a third son, Stanley, to Mrs. Nellie Traversee Patterson, '89.

Oct. 11, 1894, a son to Mrs. Elinor Kimball Bruce Snow, '92, 106 Elm Street, Stoneham, Mass.

DIED.

At Rome, Italy, April 19, 1894, Mabel Strobridge, formerly of the Class of '90.

Jameson & Knowles Company,

LEADING STYLES IN HIGH-GRADE

Boots, Shoes, and Slippers.

Specialties: Custom Work, Party Shoes

COLLEGE DISCOUNT.

No. 15 Winter Street, Boston, U. S. A.

H. H. CARTER & CO.

Stationers and Engravers

WILL ALLOW

20 per cent Discount

ON PURCHASES

Made by Wellesley College Students.

No. 3 Beacon Street, BOSTON.

YOUR attention is called to our stock of

Gold and Silver Stick Pins!
Birthday Gifts!

Souvenir Spoons, Souvenir Cups.
Hair Ornaments.

Toilet and Desk Furnishings in Sterling and Plated Silver; Marble and Iron Clocks, $6.00 to $20.00.
Stock in all departments always complete.

A. Stowell & Co., 24 Winter Street, Boston.

Cotrell & Leonard

Albany, New York,

Makers of

Caps and Gowns

To the

American.. Colleges.

Illustrated... Catalogue and Particulars on Application.

Artists' Materials...

Drafting Instruments.
Art Studies and Books.

Oil and Water Colors, Crayons, Materials For Tapestry, Painting, etc.

Wadsworth, Howland & Co.

82 and 84 Washington Street, Boston.

Branch Store in the .....
Grundmann Studios, Clarendon Street, Near St. James Avenue.

Principal Factories .....
Malden, Mass., and Paris, Maine.

FINEST GRADE

Mackintoshes and Cravenettes,

$2.00 TO $25.00.

Prices 25 per cent lower than Dry Goods Stores.

... Special 10 per cent to Wellesley Students ...

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Metropolitan Rubber Co.,

CLEAVE & KRIM,

49 SUMMER STREET. BOSTON.

WALNUT HILL SCHOOL.

Wellesley Preparatory,

NATICK, MASS.

For circular address the Principals,

Miss Charlotte H. Conant, B.A.

Miss Florence Bigelow, M.A.

Gloves and Veiling.

MISS M. F. FISK,

44 TEMPLE PLACE,

Calls the attention of the Young Ladies to her stock of Kid, Undressed Kid, and Dog Skin Gloves that are suitable for all occasions, also her very becoming stock of Veilings, and solicits their patronage, and will give to any of the students 6 per cent discount.

HOTEL BELLEVUE,

EUROPEAN PLAN,

17 TO 23 BEACON STREET . . BOSTON.

Special attention given to Club Dinners and Receptions.

RATES FROM $1 TO $5 PER DAY.

TWO FIRST-CLASS CAFÉS IN HOTEL.

J. W. SMITH . . . . . PROPRIETOR.

LAWRENCE, WILDE & CO.,

Manufacturers of First-class

FURNITURE

AND

Interior Decorations,

Nos. 38 to 48 Cornhill,

WM. H. HULL.
GEO. B. DARROW.
CHAS. P. DYER.

... BOSTON.

BOOKS in all Departments of Literature . .

can be found at our store. The largest assortment in Boston of the popular and standard authors. Also a large variety at special reductions. Large variety of Bibles, Prayer Books, Booklets, etc.

We are noted for low prices.

DE WOLFE, FISKE & CO.,

The Archway Bookstore,

361 AND 365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.

Jewelers AND Silversmiths,

147 TREMONT STREET, CORNER OF WEST.

Fine Stationery. Card Engraving.

Programs and Invitations, both printed and engraved. Class Day Progams a specialty.

Class Pins designed and manufactured to order.

Parasols and Umbrellas made to order, recovered and repaired.

FINEST ROADBED ON THE CONTINENT.

Boston and Albany

. . ONLY . .

First Class Through Car Route

TO THE WEST.

Through Trains Leave Boston as follows: —

8.30 a. m. (ex. Sunday) Day Express.
10.30 a. m. (daily) Chicago Special.
2.00 p. m. (daily) North Shore Limited.
3.00 p. m. (ex. Sundays) St. Louis and Chicago Express.
7.15 p. m. (daily) Pacific Express.

SPRINGFIELD LINE

. . FOR . .

Hartford, New Haven AND New York.

LEAVE BOSTON.		ARRIVE NEW YORK.
9.00 a. m.	(ex. Sunday)	3.30 p. m.
11.00 a. m.	ex. Sunday)	5.30 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	(daily)	10.00 p. m.
11.00 p. m.	(daily)	6.41 a. m.

For tickets, information, time-tables, etc., apply to nearest ticket agent.

A. S. HANSON,
General Passenger Agent.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Golf, Tennis, Basket Ball, Gymnasium, and General Athletic Goods.

SWEATERS in Great Variety.

Special discount of **15 per cent** to Wellesley Students. Send for Catalogue.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

No. 344 WASHINGTON STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

HENRY C. HASKELL

11 John Street, New York,

Designer and Maker

Society Badges, Fraternity Pins, Rings, Emblem Jewels of every Description.

MEDALS—Trophies for presentation, from original and artistic designs. Special designs, with estimates, furnished on application. Inquiries by mail promptly attended to. We send design plates FREE upon request.

Wellesley Pins can be obtained from Miss Elizabeth Stark, Business Manager of Magazine.

The Dana Hall School,

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Pupils are prepared for regular or for special courses at Wellesley College.

Price for Board and Tuition, $500 for the school year; Tuition for day pupils, $125.

For further information address the Principals:

JULIA A. EASTMAN,
SARAH P. EASTMAN.

Wellesley Pharmacy,

CHARLES W. PERRY,
Proprietor.

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Physicians' Prescriptions a Specialty.

CUTTER & CUTTER,

MANUFACTURERS OF

TRUNKS AND BAGS,

No. 22 Chauncy Street,

BOSTON.

DISCOUNT TO WELLESLEY STUDENTS.

Our

Crepe Art Department

will, for the next sixty days, contain much that will impress those who are interested in manipulating this modern and effective material. We are enabled through careful study and long experience to get the very latest and highest effects in

Table and Room Decoration,

WHILE THE

Flowers and Novelties

made from same furnish a complete surprise to all who do not fully realize the possibilities of crepe paper.

Our artists in attendance will be glad at any time to give suggestions and advice regarding the most effective use of our papers.

DENNISON'S,

No. 28 Franklin Street, Boston.

For Fine Millinery

visit . . .

GEORGE M. WETHERN

No. 21 Temple Place,

Boston.

CORNS

DR. F. A. THOMPSON

(P. KENISON.)

CHIROPODIST AND MANICURE PARLORS,

SKILFUL OPERATORS ONE PRICE ONLY

CORNS, 25 CENTS:

IN-GROWING NAILS, 50 CTS; MANICURING, 75 CTS.

PLASTER FOR TENDER FEET, 25 CTS.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S ROOMS ENTIRELY SEPARATE.

19 WINTER STREET.

The Senior Class Photographer Is . . .

Charles W. Hearn,

No. 392 Boylston Street,

Boston, Mass.

Arrange dates with the Senior Class Photograph Committee:

MISS BERTHA MORRILL.

MISS CAROLINE JACOBUS.

MISS SOPHIE VOORHEES.

Also Photographer to . . .

Amherst College	'95
Dartmouth College	'95
Mt. Holyoke College	'95
B. U. College of Liberal Arts	'95
Lasell Seminary	'95
Wesleyan University	'95
Etc., etc.	

Kuyler's

146 Tremont Street, Boston.

Branch of

863 Broadway, N. Y.

Pure, Fresh, and Delicious

Candies..

A Choice Selection of Fancy Baskets, Boxes, and Bonbonnieres constantly on hand at very reasonable prices. . .

Mail Orders given Prompt Attention.

Leonard N. Howe, D.M.D.

HOTEL PELHAM,

BOSTON.

LATE INSTRUCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Office Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

EYE GLASSES

Oculists' prescriptions correctly filled.

Glasses carefully fitted and adjusted to insure nose comfort.

Ten per cent discount to Wellesley Students.

LORGNETTES.
THERMOMETERS.
CHATELAINE CASES.

All kinds of spectacle repairing neatly executed. References given.

CHARLES W. HURLL, Jr., Practical Optician,
409 Washington St., (between Winter and Bromfield Sts.)
BOSTON.

··· FINE CARPETS ···

THE FINEST LINE OF SPECIALTIES IN

AXMINSTERS, WILTONS, AND BRUSSELS CARPETS

EVER OFFERED BY US. THESE ARE ALL OUR PATTERNS, WITH A FULL LINE OF THE FAMOUS LONDON FURNISHER,

WILLIAM MORRIS'S Patterns in Carpets and Hammersmith Rugs.

We feel that our Fall Stock will bear the Closest Inspection.

JOEL GOLDTHWAIT & COMPANY,

Nos. 163 to 169 Washington Street, Boston.

WELLESLEY STEAM LAUNDRY

Will call for and deliver clothes at all the College Buildings.

Plain Clothes by the dozen.
Fancy Ironing by the hour.

No bleach or acid used, but clothes dried in the open air, weather permitting.

Fine work of all kinds a specialty. Clothes handled carefully and ironed neatly.

A card to the Wellesley Steam Laundry will be promptly attended to.

J. T. MELLUS, Proprietor.

THE HOLMES COMPANY

Patent Union Undergarment

Is made to

Fit the Form...

And is unlike any other garment.

.....

Sweaters,
Equestrian Tights, etc.
Specialties to order.

.....

No. 49 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE

NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

Session '94–'95 opens October 1, 1894. Three years, Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations and practical work, under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in U. S. Infirmary. Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to Women Students.

For Catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D.,

321 East 15th Street, New York.

COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

SHE: When we got our wheels last year we didn't suppose there could be any better ones, did we?

HE: No; but the '94's are ahead of them. They are better accommodated to the different heights of riders. They are lighter, because of the new Columbia seamless tubing.

SHE: The saddles are more comfortable.

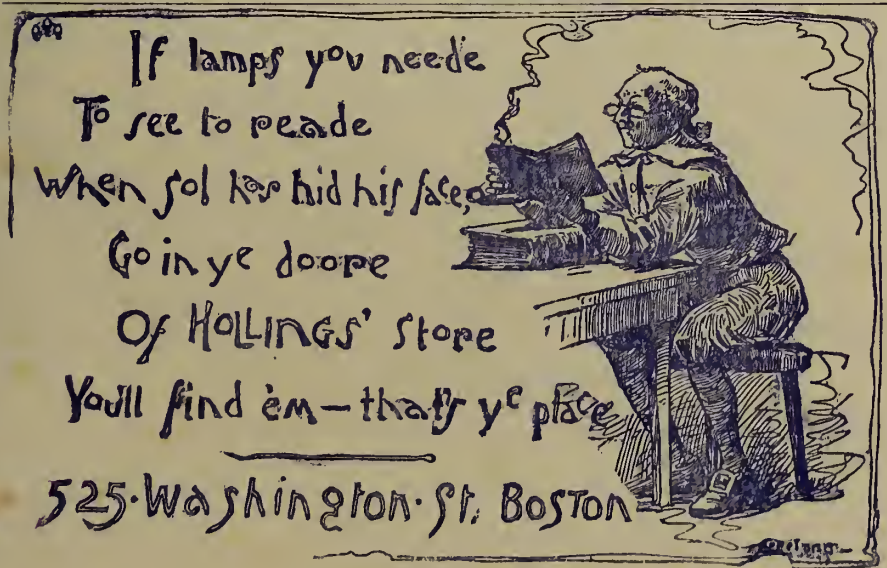
HE: And stronger, too. And these guards and break work will never let you catch your gown.

SHE: Do you know what my gown is? The Columbia Bicycle habit. Redfern of New York designed it for the company, and it is just the thing.

DOMINICK DUCKETT, Agent,

and instructor in riding. Free instruction to purchasers. All orders promptly executed. Catalogues free on application.

Wellesley College, Wellesley.



Fine Lamps with Shades to match.

In every department of our store we allow Wellesley Professors and Students a discount, generally 10 per cent.

During the year you will notice many attractive goods which your friends at home would be glad to see. We shall be glad to send samples at your request.

Dress Goods, Hosiery, Neckwear, Millinery, Underwear and Art Embroideries

are perhaps some of the departments most interesting to students, but the discount applies to every department.

R. H. STEARNS & CO.,

Tremont Street and Temple Place - - BOSTON, MASS.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Holiday Books.

Their Wedding Journey.

By W. D. Howells. Holiday Edition. Fully illustrated by Clifford Carleton, and bound in very attractive style from a design by Mrs. Whitman. Crown 8vo, $3.00.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

In the remarkable translation of Edward Fitzgerald. With a biography of Omar Khayyam, and 56 superb illustrations by Elihu Vedder. Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, $5.00.

The Last Leaf.

By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Popular Holiday Edition. With a touching Prefatory Letter by Dr. Holmes, and many illustrations by Hopkinson Smith and Geo. Wharton Edwards. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

The Oliver Wendell Holmes Year Book.

Selections from Dr. Holmes' prose and poetry, for Every Day of the Year. With a fine portrait. Attractively bound. 16mo, $1.00.

Little Mr. Thimblefinger, and His Queer Country.

A delightful book for young folks (and older ones). By Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus" books. Fully and charmingly illustrated by Oliver Herford. Square 8vo, $2.00.

The Story of a Bad Boy.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Holiday Edition. With numerous illustrations by A. B. Frost. Crown octavo, finely printed and bound in unique style, forming an exceedingly attractive book. $2.00.

Timothy's Quest.

A fine Holiday Edition of one of Mrs. Wiggin's most popular stories. Very fully and artistically illustrated by Oliver Herford, and attractively bound. Crown 8vo, $1.50.

In Sunshine Land.

Poems for Young Folks. By Edith M. Thomas. Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, $1.50.

Whittier's Poetical Works.

Complete in a new Cambridge Edition. With a biographical sketch, notes, index to titles and first lines, a portrait, and an engraving of Whittier's Amesbury home. Uniform with the Cambridge Longfellow. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.00; half calf, gilt top, $3.50; tree calf, or full levant, $5.50.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

Life and Letters, by Samuel T. Pickard. With portraits and views. 2 vols., crown 8vo, gilt top, $4.00. A work which all lovers of Whittier will welcome with peculiar gratitude.

Sold by all Booksellers. Sent, post-paid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

Frank Wood, Printer, Boston.